analyst may have something of value to say about the causes of bad art but real art has no such causes; it is not a suppressed desire but an aspiration. The *apercu* is interesting, but to say that no good art can spring from impulses balked of other outlet is not perception but dogma. He is admirable when he says that Mr. Shaw's long lived Methuselahs are priggish, dull, and implacable, and the Shavian Utopias have the defect of all Utopias, nobody has anything to do in them worth doing, wherefore we come back to our own objectionable world with a sigh of relief; or that Mr. George Moore is only at his easy best in the forms of reminiscences, and "his style has a wavering certainty like that of memory." These are things directly seen and well said, not inferences from any theory or guided by it. Rules, theories, or philosophies of art are like working hypotheses or systems of classification in science. They may help us to arrange our experiences, to handle our material, to formulate what we see; but when they begin to tell us what we ought to see they get in between us and reality. When they tell us what we ought to think they interfere with our thinking. Literary criticism is an analysis and description of reactions, and its value depends on the quality of the mind that reacts. Mr. Clutton-Brock—whose recent death we deplore—walked the paths of literature with a keen eye and a clear head; his values are the free activities of a fine intelligence; but much as with Croce, I seem to see a formula occasionally getting between him and reality, and never seem to see it doing him any good.

* * *

And yet it may be true enough in the sense that every fine thing has some kind of lift in it and every sort of human excellence is the triumph of some sort of aspiration. One of Mr. Clutton-Brock's esays is on "Puritanism and Art." We are growing rather "fed up" with anti-Puritan propaganda. Puritanism is taken up as a miscellaneous missile to throw at better men than ourselves. It is pleasant to meet with something discriminating said about it. The question is, Mr. Clutton-Brock remarks, whether art is one of the chief activities of the human race, or subordinate to something else. Supposing "there are three absolute values in life, the value of goodness, the value of knowledge, plus the value of art," the simon-pure Puritan sees only or mainly the first. Goodness is to him the one vital thing, always desperately in danger. Art seems to be only a seducer from the narrow and imperative path. The Puritan saw the beauty of holiness but not the holiness of beauty. The revolt against him now is much because there was not enough beauty in his idea of goodness. But Plato and Tolstoy were on his side of the matter.

All this is not very new, but taking Puritanism abstractly, it is discriminating; except that it does not seem to discriminate consistently between the historical and the abstract. Historically Puritanism is the extraordinary, rather thrilling, pretty definitely limited, and very humanly complex, story of the English ultra-Protestants in England and America. To illustrate its complexity, Milton was the Puritan poet and the most consummate artist of all English poets. But abstracted it becomes a point of view indefinitely old and presumably eternal. A "hard shell" Moslem is more Puritan than the Puritans. Anyone is a Puritan to whom conduct is nine-tenths of life, and more or less one to whom it is three-fourths, as it was to Arnold. But nowadays we tend mainly to a dominating, if not an exclusive, belief in the absolute value of acts, and there is another revolt on the way because there is not enough beauty in that idea either.

All Mr. Clutton-Brock's essays are temptations to comment too extensively. The one on Shelley is the best thing on Shelley that I have read for a long time.

Sir Ashley Sparks, on behalf of the Seamen's Institute in New York, announces that the funds being collected for the Conrad Memorial Reading Room in the Institute's new building are by no means complete. There is no form of remembrance that would have pleased Joseph Conrad so much as this reading room for the use of sailors ashore. The statistics of recent sales of Conrad MSS and editions show that there are many respecters of his life and work who are well able to help on this generous enterprise. Contributions whether small or large will be truly welcomed, and may be sent direct to Sir Ashley Sparks, 25 Broadway, New York City.

An Immortal Pair

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN. By A. H. Godwin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by Francis Rufus Bellamy

MORE than anything else, Mr. Godwin, in writing us this book on Gilbert and Sullivan, brings up the speculation: what type of mind is it which plays lackey to genius, and relies on "authority" for its practice and interpretation of drama, music, literature, religion, and politics? In this instance, comic opera?

For people who like such minds, certainly, here is an excellent one. For Mr. Godwin has all the facts. School teachers can read Mr. Godwin and answer questions on what are the six best songs in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. What are the six best lyrics? What are the three best operas, and the best drawn characters, male and female? Furthermore, did Gilbert contribute more than Sullivan? Was Sullivan a first-rate composer?

All such important matters are ponderously decided in this book. There is even a serious discussion of whether or not Gilbert's female characters traduce the English girl's character. Considering Katisha and the rest of Gilbert's women, this a theme worthy of Gilbert himself.

Picture (if you can) a true British Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiast, seeking manfully to prove, in three hundred pages, that he has the spirit of the Savoy operas. Conceive of him (if possible) clinching his case by hurling at you whole paragraphs from the Encyclopædia Britannica. Imagine him, finally, ending with a serious appreciation of the song, "The English Girl," as showing that underneath, Gilbert was a sturdy Briton after all, and had a robust faith in British institutions.

Padraic Colum, poet and author of many versions of old fairy tale and legend, whose article on Hans Christian Andersen ran in last week's issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature*

If you can do all this, you will have a fairly good picture of Mr. Godwin's achievement in writing this book. Defining humor, he has lost it,—if, indeed, he ever had it.

Whatver else his gifts, Mr. Godwin has not the type of mind necessary to illuminate the subject he has chosen in this book. To him the satire on the House of Lords in "Iolanthe" is an illustration of the fact that Gilbert believed that England, despite her drawbacks, always muddles through. Such admiration is discouraging. It is of precisely the kind that Gilbert, himself, would have satirized.

Gilbert was a fanciful logician. Satire was an inevitable by-product of his mind. But he was not solely a satirist, with a gift for lashing the humbug of his age with farcical rhymes. He was bewitched and enchanted by the play of the fanciful, absurd idea, by the intellectual jest in any form. He dealt not at all in the emotion of love—try to act "Engaged" and see!—and he put none into his operas. Where there is such emotion, Sullivan supplied it, in the shape of melodies which occasionally make beautiful and effective, even if rather pale lyrics. This is why, in the operas there is something that was never in the "Bab Ballads."

Beauty and fancy stirred Gilbert. But not love. Even if love had attracted him, he could not have introduced the genuine emotion in his fantasies without having the reality destroy them. He was debarred from the kind of sentimental emotion which our librettists seek to arouse with the love songs and rose lights of present day compositions. This is the reason for his often deplored harshness toward the fair sex in the operas.

For the most part, Sullivan's mind caught exactly Gilbert's fantasies. He understood precisely the ideas which Gilbert so deftly satirized, and he gave the lyrics their proper musical accompaniment. Once in a while, in addition, the genius of the true composer caught him up and we have a lovely, moving piece of music, arousing emotions that no line of Gilbert's ever evoked. At such moments there sounds again from the orchestra the Sullivan of church oratorios, of the "Lost Chord," of the sentimental chamber songs, of the unhappy grand opera attempts. Sometimes you even reach impulsively for the hymn book in the rack in front of you.

* * *

Perhaps this is why Mr. Godwin does better with Sullivan than with Gilbert. He does not seem to feel so under the painful necessity of explaining him or embroidering upon him. He is not constrained to describe the delightful melodies and airs of the "Mikado," the "Pirates of Penzance," "Iolanthe," and the rest, as anything more than excellent and melodious light opera music.

Not so with Gilbert, however. For Mr. Godwin, even Gilbert's staging has taken the mantle of "authority" unto itself. A whole chapter is devoted to warning people that the exact method of direction and staging must be followed nowadays if a Gilbert and Sullivan opera is to be produced. As it was in the beginning, it is now, and ever shall be.

It is true, of course, that Gilbert was not only his own dramatist—he was also his own stage director and producer (except in the financial sense). He knew precisely the kind of music he wanted, and the atmosphere which he wished to create. From this point of view, he certainly is the authority on how to produce the Savoy operas. But to say that nowadays we must follow exactly the same series of definitely charted actions which Gilbert laid out, is manifestly to be absurd. The fact that George Grossmith, playing in the "Mikado," once stumbled at a certain point in the opera, is no reason why every comedian should be forced to stumble at that moment forever after. Yet this is the kind of absurdity into which the strictness of Mr. Godwin's "authority" would lead us.

* * *

The simple truth seems to be that Gilbert delighted in drawing characters who take their own preposterous and fanciful ideas seriously. Whether or not their ideas are merely absurd or genuinely satirical, the action or play which results is always carried to a logical and, therefore, preposterous climax. There is thus created the illusion of another land—fairy land if you like; topsy-turvy land perhaps; satire land usually; but comic opera land in any case. Te reproduce this peculiar gossamer-like, delightful, fanciful mood is the business of the operatic director. To do it is not a matter of following historical records of staging. It is more a question of understanding the original spirit in which the operas were conceived and presented. Otherwise, genuine interpretation vanished.

One thing about Mr. Godwin's book is magnificent. That is Mr. Chesterton's introduction. No Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiast should miss it. It should head every edition of the operas. Evidently, it requires one satirist adequately to appreciate the work of another.

For the first time in its history the Newdigate Prize for English Verse at Oxford has been awarded to a woman, Miss Gertrude Trevelyan. The prize was founded in 1780 by Sir Roger Newdigate, and its first award was to John Wilson, afterward famous under the pseudonym of Christopher North as the author of "Noctes Ambrosianæ." Among later recipients have been Milman, later Dean of St. Paul's and historian; John Ruskin; Matthew Arnold, Dean Stanley; Edwin Arnold; Oscar Wilde; and more recently, Laurence Binyon, John Buchan, and Julian Huxley.

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Asia and the Occidentals

THE REVOLT OF ASIA. By UPTON CLOSE (Josef Washington Hall). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

IT is regrettable that the publishers—and some reviewers—of this book have seen fit to give it an alarmist character. One comes to it with the idea that Mr. Hall is a sort of modern Paul Revere thundering through the nations of the West with a midnight warning of the approach of the hordes of Asia.

A careful reading hardly warrants this excitement. That in many of the nations of Asia there is resentment against the white man's domination is unquestionable. That there are many in Asia who would be glad to lead its peoples against the nations of Europe and America is equally indisputable. This has been the case for nearly a century, and there have been times when the danger to Europe and even the danger to white domination seemed more menacing than at present. The feeling may be more widespread now, and the number of potential leaders larger, but when all is said and done the unexcitable reader will find in it more of evolution than revolution. The book may well be looked upon as a record of developments rather than as a trumpet-call to defense.

Perhaps Mr. Hall is partly responsible for the alarmist reaction of his publishers and reviewers. He begins: "All Asia has flared into revolt against the dominant white man," a sentence the momentum of which is not wholly lost when he puts on the brakes in the next paragraph and says: "This little book is not another 'yellow peril' scare or 'rising tide of color' theme." It would seem truer to his own facts to say that all over Asia there are flickerings of anger and resentment against the dominant white man. Take Japan, for example. There is nothing alarming in the frank statements of Baron-General Tanaka and Mr. Oka deploring the immigration act of 1924, especially when these statements are coupled with the author's own generalizations of his study in Japan, in which he tells us of "a remarkable change of thought" in that country, "proving again that it is the most willing learner among the nations. Intellectual Japanese revised their concept of the destiny of their nation. It must still excel. But in cultural achievement, rather than material glory." And later, "In this coming 'Era of the Pacific' America greatly needs a friendly Japan that stands upon its own feet. It is the feeling of progressive leaders (in Japan) that the creation of such a Japan lies within the power of American capital." A Japan which is determined to find its destiny in cultural development and pleads for the coöperation of American capital can hardly be said to be in a violent state of revolt.

* * *

Take China. Mr. Hall went through China when the Nationalist movement was in the heyday of its success. It had just reached the Yangtse, and its youthful leaders were convinced that they had firmly grasped the world by its caudal appendage. They talked like Napoleons and Mussolinis. Their remarks were intended to put fear into the hearts of the white man, and Mr. Hall passes them on to us to read, ponder, and tremble. But the subsequent history of the Nationalist movement has taken much of the bombast out of these same young gentlemen. The ever-victorious Chiang Kai Shek has been denounced by his government, and is now leading an expedition against it. The young Harvard graduate who was to be the Hamilton of the new republic has escaped from the same government and is now a wanderer without portfolio. Nationalism in China has not foundered, but the particular organization which Mr. Hall feared might speedily reverse the white man's superior position in China has gone on the rocks. It has demonstrated once again that in the one great essential for success in international or racial conflict, namely, the power of organization, the white man is still superior and the yellow man has a long way to go before he will catch up.

And the same shortcoming appears in India. There is unquestionably a widespread agitation against British rule. There are repeated irritations and even insults directed at the white man as he travels and rules in India. Formerly these would have been promptly and severely punished, and there would have been a speedy end to the practice. But the temper of the world at present is against forceful suppression of such idiosyncracies and therefore they persist. It is a long road, however, which leads from this point to a revolt which will upset the structure of white domination.

What Mr. Hall found in Siam and in Burma is no new cause for alarm. The fact that Siamese, given a Western engineering training, can take over and operate the Siamese railways can hardly be considered a menace. The Persians under Reza Khan and the Turks under Mustapha Kemal have better material to deal with so far as organization is concerned, and they have been correspondingly more successful in freeing themselves from white domination. But the new Persian rulers realize very keenly the need of coöperation with Europe and America, have installed American advisers, and are making plans which involve the use of foreign capital. In Egypt and in Irak local compromises have been reached, and Egyptians and Mesopotamians are working side by side with the British.

* * *

Mr. Hall gives due credit for the present Asian unrest to the efforts of the Russian Communists. He dubs their new system of world agitation, "enlightened imperialism." But Russia's power seems, for the present at least, to be limited to stirring up trouble. With a long stick the Russians stir up the bottom and muddy the whole pond, but they do not get rid of the water. It is entirely possible, and even probable, from the facts which Mr. Hall sets before us, that if the Russian activities ceased the waters would clear and the whole "revolt of Asia" would settle back into the long and slow process of readjustment which has been going on ever since the Opium War.

All of which is not to say that this book is not both useful and timely. Mr. Hall is by far the most engaging of the university professors who flit about the world and point out the stupidities of State Departments and Foreign Offices. He writes in a most delightful style, and if he becomes over-excited at times there is no harm done. It is as well to have competent observers studying on the ground the effects of the operation of foreign policies and pointing out their shortcomings, even when they do not suggest any better policies. Mr. Hall has skimmed across Asia and succeeded in reading in close succession the minds of leaders in the different nations of that vast continent. He has in the pages of this book made these personalities live for those of us who remain at home. It is a thing which perhaps only he could do and which he has done most excellently.

Humbugging the World

BARNUM'S OWN STORY. His Autobiography, Combined and Condensed from the various editions published during his lifetime. By WALDO R. BROWNE. New York: The Viking Press. 1927.

Reviewed by CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

IF Jenny Lind had never lived, Barnum would be a fading memory like Sargeant S. Prentiss or, better, Artemus Ward and John Feenix. He would be remembered vaguely as a man who added to the gayety of this nation, like Brian G. Hughes. He represented thoroughly one side of the vanishing Yankee character, much misunderstood by our uncomprehending cosmopolites, at the other side of which stand James Russell Lowell or even Calvin Coolidge. Jenny Lind made him historical, a fact which he was acute enough to recognize, emphasize, and beat the tom-tom over all his life.

Yankee he was, from his small beginnings to his fame. He dedicated his book to "the universal Yankee nation, of whom I am proud to be one." There is no universal Yankee nation. From the Red River of the North to the Red River of the South the assertion would be repudiated. In fact, today the Yankee is on the defensive, and, with his historic face of granite, is unmoved by that.

The Yankee is supposed to be dour, but he is as many-sided as the rest of us. Often his seeming seriousness masks humor of a high grade, as for instance in the case of the apparently solemn Yankee in the White House. But Barnum was of the purely humorous type of Yankee, fun-loving and fun-making even when he was at his dollarest. He got as much fun out of Jenny Lind's tour as he did money, and that is no light saying. His hoaxes and humbugs were not solely moneymakers; he enjoyed them, even boasted of them with real merriment after the moneymaking moment was over, ' had no fear that his self-revelations would lowe him one whit in the estimation of the fun- ng "universal Yankee nation."

He never lost his sense of his own import but it never overcame his sense of humor. I most boastful moments he was laughing at hims a complexity rather rare. He is proud of the honor paid by royalty and gentry to General Tom Thumb, yet all through his zestful and boastful accounts of them there runs a not too secret vein of amusement that such honors should be paid to a man merely most boastful moments he was laughing at himself, seems to have had no sense of humor and to have taken these honors at their face value; his manager capitalized them and was rightfully vain of his own work in bringing the "General" into international publicity, but does not conceal a smile over his own success—which, by the way, was wholly legitimate and does not come under the head of his fakes.

The best part of the book is that which Barnum in later years seemed anxious to minimize; the genial humbugs he committed before he became a circus proprietor and while he was still struggling for a foothold. As a guerrilla showman his first big success was the exploitation of a negro woman named Joice Heth, with whom he made a sensation by representing her to be 161 years and and the former slave of Augustine Washington, and in consequence the nurse of the Father of His Country, at whose birth she was said to have been present.

This performance was what really introduced Barnum to the country, and Joice Heth was the marvel of the day. Barnum does not reveal whether he believed in her pretensions or not; but he bought her from an owner who produced legal documents bearing out her claims. Knowing Barnum as we all do, we must conclude that he did not believe in these documents but felt sure nobody could go back of them. He says he asked the owner "for proofs of her extraordinary age, and he exhibited what purported to be a bill of sale from Augustine Washington," and so on. His use of the word "purported" gives a pretty clear indication of what the shrewd Yankee really thought of Joice; but the "proofs" were not easily assailable and the money returns were in sight. The most he says is that he hired Joice "in perfect good faith," and maybe he did, but it depends on the way you take the words to know whether he was as simple as he says.

There was also a sentimental side to Barnum, which is shown in the unusual relish with which he dwells on Jenny Lind's kindness to a broken down dancer formerly in his employ whom she met in Havana. He cannot say enough about it, and just as you can see the lurking smile behind his boasts of his hoaxes, so you can see the tear behind this story.

In 1859 Barnum wrote the story of his life. It was frank and readable, and told with unrestrained glee of his early struggles, how he became a showman, and his hoaxes. All the rest of his life he kept on issuing new editions, each tamer than the other and with less punch. What Mr. Browne has done in the present volume is to weld these editions together. The result is not altogether satisfactory, though the work is well done; for the gay and irresponsible book of 1859 shows the real Barnum, and the subsequent additions detract from him. In later years he writes almost as if he had something to conceal, though he had not. The admirer of Barnum might better rest on the original book. In the later editions Barnum did not become turgid, but he tended to become dull. Still, Mr. Browne's book is the first full presentation of Barnum as a whole, and its faults are Barnum's and not his.

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Gentility Under the Ban

ROMAN SUMMER. By LUDWIG LEWISOHN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

THE most important thing about "Upstream" was Mr. Lewisohn's attitude toward America. That attitude can be approximately defined as the disappointment of a sensitive, yet somehow querulous, artist. He, an immigrant Jew, had expected much; he found little, and that little was often disheartening. As a record of disillusionment and as a comment upon America the autobiography was, and still is, valuable. Now, after five years, comes a further definition of Mr. Lewisohn's opinion, this time in the form of a novel. "Roman Summer" is a protest against gentility—in the academic life, in the breasts of aspiring writers, in the front parlors of lower middle class suburban homes—the gentility that sets up impossible, devouring gods.

For central character the novel has John Austin, a young man of the Middle West who intends to earn his living by writing. Feeling his home and his native city stuffy and uninspiring, he makes heroic efforts to get for himself a trip of some months to Italy. There, he piously hopes, he will find some mysterious source of power, some aid to greatness. But when the summer in Rome is finished he sees that his contact with the past has meant nothing to him, has helped him in no way except, possibly, by making him realize his limitations. Only when he comes back to America does he see his path clear: his own world possesses more than enough implication and importance to stimulate him; nothing else is necessary.

Throughout "Roman Summer" Mr. Lewisohn gives examples, varied and suggestive, of this vice of America; aping the foreign and the unsuitable rather than being content with one's own. Of course John Austin's fiasco in Italy is intended to typify the pilgrimage of American literature—sometimes in spirit, sometimes in substance—to England, France, and the Mediterranean. (For one Ernest Hemingway there are a thousand Lilliputian expatriates.) And then there is the Earnhart family, with whom John Austin lived in Columbus, infected by this same futile effort to be something else, to raise themselves heavenwards like idiot acrobats on non-Euclidean ladders. So with the professor who wanted to be a dean, or the girl who was soured because her father had been a Dutch patent-medicine manufacturer, or the Christian who sought the courage to marry a Jew—all refusing to be themselves, straining towards insane goals.

Considered as fiction, the novel is hardly noteworthy. We find in it several carefully developed characters and two or three dramatic situations. But the enervating effect of expository purpose is clear throughout, especially at the end, where an artistic resolution of cross-currents is prevented by Mr. Lewisohn's intense regard for the idea involved. This weakness, together with an occasional lapse from a usually effective style, prevents the novel's attaining distinction. But as a comment upon our life "Roman Summer" is too important to be ignored; the book is in the highest sense true.

The Roaring Boys

(*Continued from page* 1)

old gods hovers along the rank sea-marge of disillusionment for us every time that, in these modern days, we are stirred by such poetry. There lurks in it, we have come to think, many of us, an incitement to the uncivilized, to the sinking of intelligence in glamor, and, very often, in a treacherous glamor. There is some truth in this. But the blood is still in man's body to thrill to a fray. In the old days war was a matter of "Have at you," the *you* being intensely personal; that lent the thrill. Today we go to prize-fights. When *we* fight it is a matter of masses of men being mowed down by machines; and now we are taking to the air to restore somewhat the personal conflict,—and to wipe out whole cities from safe seclusion in the clouds. No, there is still something to be said for the response to such poetry, where response is felt. Vachel Lindsay, a confirmed pacifist, has brought something of the same ring into his poems of peacetime. The response does not betoken necessarily that one is bloodthirsty, only that one is susceptible of exultation and exaltation. It is the response of the Mood of Courage. And when this mood wakens no response in a people, then that people is dead indeed.

Qwertyuiop

A Shirtsleeves History

VI. (*Continued*)

I WAS back in 1922, wasn't I? Early in that year the Irish Free State seemed to be in sight and the Princess Victoria Alexandra Alice Mary was to be the bride of a peer. Mencken had been lighting into D. H. Lawrence. He thought his handling of psychoanalysis extremely bad. People were reading and talking of "Women in Love" which Seltzer had brought out. The old firm was called Scott and Seltzer, with an irresistible connotation. Seltzer also brought out Evelyn Scott (though she was not the Scott of the firm). With "The Narrow House" her mordant talent first impressed the public. Sinclair Lewis averred strongly that she "belonged," to use the term of Yank in O'Neill's play. Mrs. Scott's husband also wrote. He wrote "Blind Mice." He has since made his name, not as a novelist but as a painter, having gained considerable acclaim abroad. Evelyn Scott was to go on to "Escapade," a presumably autobiographical book with passages of truly remarkable descriptive power and also with what always seemed to me a pervading neurosis. Nothing, as Lola Ridge has since put it, evaded "the cold extortion of her eye," which gave "Escapade" a *macabre* fascination. The attempt was to be pitilessly honest, the emphasis placed to a degree upon every single disagreeable detail. Still, no one could fail to realize that Mrs. Scott took high rank as a naturalist. "Escapade" was a catharsis. Such books are usually more beneficial to the writer than to the reader. But Mrs. Scott is an artist born. Her name will not be forgotten in our literary history.

There was Henry Ford and Muscle Shoals,—but we won't go into that, even if you remember the alumite deposits Ford's engineers found in the mountains of Utah, and his potash schemes. More important to us is the fact that Robert C. Benchley, dramatic critic of *Life*, produced his first humorous volume entitled "Of All Things." In the last five years "Mr. Benchley" constantly has consolidated his gains as a humorist, tossing off a tome of genial idiocy every year or so, and has become a specialist in what his eminent humorist friend, Donald Ogden Stewart, speaks of as "Wormiana." There is no one just like Benchley in the annals of American humor; there never was, nor will there be again. Several of the newer humorists have picked up a trick or two of his; none of them can *turn* the trick as he does. "Of All Things" may be said to have marked the rise in America of the now well-known "Cuckoo" humor,—that is, we read it and liked it and we haven't anything else to say against it. "Wisecracking" was to come in also. But we were still in the pre-Miltgrossian era. We had with us Harold Stearns and the problem of the Young Intellectual. Finally, even Henry Sydnor Harrison wrote a novel about Harold Stearns.

* * *

Harold Stearns had written for the *Dial* and for the *Freeman*, the latter weekly abounding and abutting in those days,—and a darn well written paper it was, too. Harold had incited "Civilization in the United States," a symposium by notable typewriters that reached the conclusion in general that the less said about civilization in the United States the better. At least, that was my impression. The vitamines craze was, of course, somewhat unfair to meat,—and the symposium craze may have been somewhat unfair to civilization; but, anyway, it wasn't the Cross-Word Puzzle craze, which came a little later. Stearns, and a good many like him, thought that one must go abroad for one's civilization. The feet of the young men followed the trail to the green purlieus of Paris. They had sworn their vow, not like the Roosevelt boys "on the horns of Ovis Poli," but by the great horn spoon of Anatole France. Some of them have had a pretty good time abroad. And we have been receiving—still are—*transition* and *This Quarter*. And the Mountain has brought forth no Mouse, indeed, in the work of Ernest Hemingway, who has "plenty of stuff on the ball." But the European craze has passed. Them as likes to live abroad lives abroad, and that's about all there is to it. The hegira has ceased to display the significance with which Harold at one time invested it.

There was *Broom*. And there was Mr. Harold Loeb who financed it intermittently. Mr. Loeb has since become a novelist. Lola Ridge, with her native gallantry and vital force in a frail physique was for some time its American editor. Into its basement office downtown off Fifth Avenue drifted at one time most of the interesting young writers in New York. Some of them only took tea and some of them helped address envelopes or wrap up parcels. Intermittently. Meanwhile Miss Ridge, who had been making a name for herself with "The Ghetto" and ranks today as one of the best women poets in America, contributed heroic effort. *Broom* was an expensive looking periodical printed in Italy, whither Alfred Kreymborg had gone to edit it. He wearied "gredually" and took to writing sonnets A reaction from free verse was beginning to steal over some of the more advanced.

Langston Hughes, the negro poet, first piped up in *The Crisis*, but Harlem had not yet been taken up in a serious way. The five years to come were to see the development of many a notable negro artist: in music Roland Hayes and Robeson. Robeson on the stage. Countée Cullen, James Weldon Johnson, Walter E. White, Eric Walrond, and many another in literature. The recent contribution by negroes to American writing has been one of the most interesting developments in our progress. And there has, of course, been an enormous revival of the Spirituals, the Work Songs, and so on. Rosamund Johnson and Taylor Gordon and other as fine interpreters have enlarged our knowledge of this splendid department of our native poetry and song. Robeson's singing has been one of my own greatest experiences of late years,—and an acquaintance, though slight, with a man as thoroughly fine in every way as Paul Robeson. There is infinitely rich material for the negro artist in negro life both past and present, and Harlem is a many-sided city in itself. The great realistic negro novelist has yet to arise and truly interpret it for us, but there is no doubt that he is on the way.

* * *

There was talk of foreign entanglements and talk of glands. Lodge was floor leader of the Senate; and in New York you could "always get it if you know where to get it." Edwin Arlington had even then come to be recognized as—well, Drinkwater put it that he was "one of the six greatest poets writing today." A review by Edna St. Vincent Millay, meanwhile, who had reached a similar pinnacle, of a small brown book entitled "Nets to Catch the Wind," hailed another woman poet, Elinor Wylie. This lady has since reached a proud eminence both on account of her poetry and her fantastic novels.

Mr. Bryan averred that "Neither Darwin nor his supporters have been able to find a fact in the universe to support their hypothesis." Henry Fairfield Osborn blocked that and swung to the jaw with the statement that Evolution was the most firmly established truth in the natural universe. Dayton had yet to come. Meanwhile Gertrude Atherton was interested in the Nordics and deeply deplored the fact that "Alpine round-heads and the scum of Mediterranea" had been swarming in upon us. To the Nordic belonged the spoils, in the face of other inferior race-strains. And down in City Hall Park they put up a statue by MacMonnies, in which an enormous moronic youth, evidently modelled in rather soft butter, was depicted as treading heavily upon two fish-tailed sirens. Certain public opinion charged with all its chivalry in favor of the sirens.

Ah, "This Simian World,"—as Clarence Day, Jr., put it! But then there was Coué. There was auto-suggestion. Coué, believe it or not, was a psychotherapist who had left his clinic at Nancy to carry his doctrine through England. "Day by day in every way I am getting better and better." How many people still say it morning, noon, and evening? Yet at one time the devout were simply multitudinous. Meanwhile the growth of radio had become phenomenal. Twenty-five thousand outfits sold in a month! Poincaré was outmanœuvred at Genoa by Tchitcherin, though the Soviet power was still outside the comity of nations. Former Postmaster-General Will H. Hays took the presidency of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of Amer-

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ica and ensconced himself at a big desk under a portrait of Lincoln. Why is a portrait of Lincoln always hung over Big Desks? The Pulitzer prizes went to Robinson, Tarkington, O'Neill, Frank O'Brien, Rollin Kirby, Hamlin Garland. And we now had suddenly with us—"Ulysses" by James Joyce.

(*To be concluded in a fortnight*)

The Complete Medievalist

THE RETURN OF DON QUIXOTE. By G. K. CHESTERTON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

MR. CHESTERTON'S are always propaganda novels. Even at his most fantastic he is developing a thesis. He develops it with a profuse decoration of romantic absurdity, but, for all that, it is never to be forgotten that he is dealing underneath with the most fundamental of matters, an ethical view of life. Mr. Chesterton is now a Roman Catholic and believes firmly that a return to the actual bases of medievalism would regenerate the world. He was always tending strongly in that direction. Now he is firmly entrenched. Into the mouths of several of the characters of the present story he puts the most pungent things he has to say against the modern state of society. His political views are nearer to those of the syndicalist than to those of the capitalist. They always have been. You have only to go back and reread his song of the Wheels for an indication. And the last verse of his poem "Medievalism" might be a text for this book:

> Have ye not known, ye fools, that have made the present a prison,
> That thirst can remember water and hunger remember bread?
> We went not gathering ghosts; but the shriek of your shame is arisen
> Out of your own black Babel too loud; and it woke the dead.

His sympathies are with the common people under what he conceives to be the utterly joyless blight of the modern social and industrial organization. He has Herne, the fabulous librarian of this story say,

> I mean that the old society was truthful and that you are in a tangle of lies, I don't mean that it was perfect or painless. I mean that it called pain and imperfection by their names. You talk about despots and vassals and all the rest; well, you also have coercion and inequality; but you dare not call anything by its own Christian name. You defend every single thing by saying it is something else. You have a King and then explain that he is not allowed to be a King. You have a House of Lords and say it is the same as a House of Commons. When you do want to flatter a workman or a peasant you say he is a true gentleman; which is like saying he is a veritable Viscount. When you want to flatter the gentleman you say he does not use his own title. You leave a millionaire his millions and then praise him because he is "simple," otherwise mean and not magnificent; as if there were any good in gold except to glitter! You excuse priests by saying they are not priestly and assure us eagerly that clergymen can play cricket. You have teachers who refuse doctrine, which only means teaching; and doctors of divinity disavowing anything divine. It is all false and cowardly and shamefully full of shame. Everything is prolonging its existence by denying that it exists.

A group of people at Seawood Abbey are giving an amateur play at the time of a great coal strike. John Braintree, the Syndicalist, has been asked to play a small part. He refuses because the Miners' Union has declared a strike and he is the secretary of the Miners' Union, and he thinks it would be "a little low" to spoil the play at Lord Seawood's by coming in, when, as he expresses it, he is trying to spoil his work by "staying out." Miss Olive Ashley, who has written the play, is immediately attracted by him though she strongly disagrees with his views. The librarian at Seawood, who specializes in the Palaeo-Hittites is persuaded to take his place in the play. And promptly the librarian, in our American phrase, "runs away with the show." That is, the strike comes to a head, the librarian refuses, after the play is over (it is called "Blondel the Troubadour" and is naturally all about King Richard the Lion-Hearted and his times) to change his costume or, indeed, his new rôle (he has, finally, been acting the King). He makes the speech I have quoted. He then is the cause of the organization among the young people of The League of the Lion, which starts as fun and which the Prime Minister of England, conferring with Lord Seawood, seizes upon as a political weapon against the strikers under Braintree. A revolution, in fact, comes about among the Conservatives. They go in head-over-heels for Medievalism. "The new power was divided between three or four subordinate monarchs ruling over large provinces of England . . . and called according to the romance or affectation of the movement Kings-at-Arms." Herne, the librarian is made King-at-Arms of the province with which we have to do, and commands his Order of Chivalry. He falls in love with Lord Seawood's daughter and she is a flame of energy in the movement.

* * *

The climax comes when the strikers and their leader Braintree are haled perforce before Herne as President of the Court of Arbitrament. Herne has been going profoundly and thoroughly into the matter of medieval institutions and everything pertaining thereto, having now completely forgotten his Hittites. But the judgment he passes in court assembled strikes his own side of the industrial battle aghast. For he explains to them the true nature of the old medieval guild organization of labor, and states that if the Leader of the Labor organization believes that the Craft should be controlled by those who completely and competently practise it he is entirely correct. The Craft should be governed solely by Master Craftsmen. He goes on to show undeniably and lucidly that the present three Masters of the Trade, Sir Howard Pryce, Baron Seawood, and the Earl of Eden, are anything but Master Craftsmen; and that, when they appeal to their Nobility, they have no claim to be either nobles or peers. They cannot even claim their family names, owing to the fashion in which they have assumed their estates, for he has found in England "very few people possessing any pedigree that would be recognized in the heraldic or feudal sense of medieval aristocracy." He also finds that a certain inventor of artists' colors, whom they have "squeezed out" and left in beggary while cornering the market with their Coal-Tar Color and Dye Company, is the true Master Craftsman. He disallows all three pleas that the present owners are either masters, proprietors, or nobles. And he then goes forth into the wide world as a sort of new Don Quixote, having wrought disaster among the conservatives. His judgment upon her father naturally severs him from Rosamund Severne, Lord Seawood's daughter, who now, it seems, can rightly only call herself Smith! "Monkey" Murrell, the chivalrous practical-joker of the group, who has meanwhile rescued the inventor spoken of from being incarcerated for lunacy, goes forth with Herne as his Sancho Panza, —though Murrell, as Herne later admits, is really the true Quixote of the story. Braintree and Olive Ashley are reunited after having broken, as they think forever, with each other over the strike. But later Chesterton brings the other lovers together again. Herne finds that on her father's death Rosamund has made Seawood Abbey actually an abbey once more and has become a Catholic. Murrell marries the daughter of the persecuted inventor.

* * *

It should be unnecessary to say that the punning dialogue at which Chesterton excels enlivens this fantastic tale throughout. There are many gorgeous moments. But the important thing about the story, for agreement or disagreement, is Chesterton's ethical view, which includes the political. He is very sympathetic with the Syndicalist, but his own belief is quite evidently that the old guild organization is the only true salvation for Labor. With the titled capitalists he has but little sympathy, owing to his view of medievalism as a fairer and better state of society. And the medieval condition, he implies, was permeated, of course, by a faith, in the loss of which the modern world has lost incalculably. That is what he has to say. But those who wish to read the book simply as a fantastic and romantic yarn will encounter much entertainment by the way in its acrobatics and its glowing colors.

Lovers of coincidence will be interested in the fact that unknown to each other, three young English novelists, Miss Rosamund Lehman, Mrs. See, and Paul Bloomfield, recently hit upon as the title for their new novels, "Dusty Answer." Miss Lehmann, who was first in the field, retains the title for her book which Henry Holt is to bring out in September, while the others have had to find substitutes from it. It is derived from Meredith's lines:

> Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
> When hot for certainties in this our life!

Australian Scenes

WORKING BULLOCKS. By KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD. New York: The Viking Press. 1927. $2.

HERE is a novel that demands respectful attention. It does for the remote timberlands of Western Australia what "Maria Chapdelaine" did for the lonely homesteads of Canada. Grimly in contact with reality, "Working Bullocks," is a novel that no imaginative American can forget, once he has turned the first page. There are two definite appeals, either one of which is of sufficient vigor to make the book important: first, the general excellence of the narrative; and second, the fascination of the setting that is so unfamiliar to most of us. In judicious adjustment, these two interests combine to make "Working Bullocks" a rare pleasure.

We get the sense of taking part in a new life—the life of the lumberman. The timber is the karri, a huge beast of a tree, ten feet across its base and two hundred feet high. Around the falling of the karri and its transportation to Karri Creek, where the Company mill necessitates a dismal little township, the characters of the novel find their lives inseparably woven. We see the struggles of the young men to own a bullock team so that they can work for themselves; we feel the very haste of the meal hour at Pennyfather's boarding house at the Creek, where "all the lives were regulated by the blowing of the mill whistle." The sports are strange; the chief contest is a chop—that is, a race to chop in two a standard-size log. A steeplechase is not ordinary, but becomes a test of strength between a semi-aristocratic horse, just imported from Perth, and the new brumby (a kind of wild horse) belonging to Red Burke. We know that these unfamiliar customs are introduced not for their strangeness but for their usualness. In fact, if memory is accurate, the word "Australia" is not once used in the whole novel. The result is that we approach a new mode of living; we share horizons with the characters, and without fail we are exhilarated by our growth in experience. Seldom does a novel make so deep an impression.

But if certain externals make Western Australia different from New England or North Dakota, the fundamentals of human living are not changed. Miss Prichard shows us the common ambitions, and loves, and stupidities living on in their eternal persistence. These poor swampers and bullockies are not far removed from the beasts they drive; just a little conventional relaxation, an unbelievable amount of work, and so each day. Working bullocks, unable to throw off the burden of their lives. Against a background of such a type the author tells her story of two girls and a man, of a mother and her "sixteen living and two dead," of primitive contacts with nature—tells it simply, honestly, and with power.

Poetry and Miss Monroe

POETS AND THEIR ART. By HARRIET MONROE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD DAVISON

MISS HARRIET MONROE'S name cannot fail to survive in the literary annals of this American decade. Since the foundation of her magazine in 1912 her constant, loyal and devoted efforts in the cause of poetry have brought their own rewards, not least her right to boast (as she does more than is perhaps necessary in this new book) that some of the best known living poets first took to print, as it were, under her sheltering wing. She will be remembered as a pioneer, one who anticipated and even helped to create the recent boom in poetry. She helped to crumble the mountain of public apathy and confounded (for a while, at least) those sceptics who held that a magazine devoted exclusively to poetry could never hope to bankrupt bankruptcy. There cannot be very many poets in modern America who do not owe her at least some little debt of gratitude.

But only a humbugging gratitude would pretend that Miss Monroe is a great editor or an exceptional critic. This new book, consisting almost entirely of articles reprinted from *Poetry*, carries a certain gloss of affectionate enthusiasm which fades into dulness under even a mild critical light. Her utterances about poetry are essentially of the emotive

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kind, verbal bubbles of appreciation, bright little toy balloons of anecdote, such things as mirror convexly the eruption of Miss Amy Lowell into a Chicago dinner party, or the debut of Mr. Vachel Lindsay to the Nunc Dimittus of Mr. W. B. Yeats, or, again, the early vagaries of Mr. Ezra Pound.

In the foyers of modern poetry, or in the poets' dressing rooms, Miss Monroe is at her best. But when she appears in the critic's robes on the open stage it is generally to fall badly between the two stools, analysis and synthesis. Mushroom enthusiasms stud every other page of her book with the word "masterpiece." She cries "Wolf" so insistently that when the wolf, (in the guise of Mr. Robert Frost or Mr. E. A. Robinson), actually does appear it is all too easy to attribute her recognition to accident. She cannot see round a good poet or through a bad one. This inability is, perhaps, best illustrated (to take an example from the section significantly described as "Certain Poets of Yesterday") in her essay on Chaucer and Langland, where it is possible to detect the wish in its act of fathering the thought.

> Those old poets (Langland and his old English predecessors) will be studied, not from the point of view of academic scholarship, but from that of immediate beauty and fecundity. We shall have a new realization of their power of imagination and of the splendor and variety of their rhythms.

This is the very ecstasy of love. We shall sooner find passion and tears in Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" than "immediate beauty, fecundity, splendor, and variety of rhythm" in the works of Lydgate, Occleve, Gower, and their kin. Much may be said in their praise, but never such things as these. Thus, on one hand, Miss Monroe prophesies the discovery of bright needles in the rusty haystacks of the pre-Chaucerian poets of England, while, on the other, she weighs Matthew Arnold in her peculiar scales and finds—

> Little details of old-fashioned manner or attire stand out with a new consciousness—I see *thou* and *doth*, 'mid *ere*, *sate* and *snake* and *palfrey* on every page, and find it difficult to forget them as a mere inevitable convention of the hoop and skirt period.

One can almost watch Miss Monroe reexamining her poets periodically, on each occasion striking out passages that have just proved out of date. Eighteenth century criticism, at its worst, was never quite so stingy as this. The prejudice—for it deserves a word no kinder—inherent in this passage is not uncommon in choirs and places where the lesser critics sing today. To accept such objections as valid is to strike out, with one fell sweep of the pen, ninety per cent of the greatest poetry written in the English language—the best of Shakespeare, Milton, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley. What have *thou* and *doth* to do with the "hoop and skirt period"? Have we grown out of great poetry for no better reason than that it contains a few *doths* and *'mids* or even a whole stableful of *palfreys?* Miss Monroe does poetry and herself a gross injustice. If this ridiculous prejudice were not so generally current in recent journeyman criticism it would not need to detain us here.

This is typical of the kind of superficial thinking, or feeling, that undermines the value of Miss Monroe's criticism and belies her avowed aim—"that ruthless detachment required by the high standards of impartial criticism." She is not ruthlessly detached. So far removed is she from any such critical approach that it is not perhaps unfair to say that her approach to poetry is partly geographical. Thus, while reading this book, one recognizes (not for the first time) a pleasant and not unnatural prejudice in favor of poets whose native heath is to be found in Illinois. One suspects that her sympathies diminish a little, proportionately, as the habitat of a poet recedes to New England or beyond the Atlantic. It is possible to applaud Miss Monroe for her loyalty while reproaching her for this, and even more definite parochial qualities of her criticism.

In conclusion, it should be repeated that Miss Monroe's services in the cause of poetry are not to be judged merely by her writings in behalf of that cause. She commands and deserves the affection and respect of everybody who shares her enthusiasm for poetry, whether or not they agree with her opinions: and the poet who passes through Chicago without saluting the lady who wrote the "Columbian Ode" thirty-two years ago surely offends the very Muse whose name Miss Monroe so painstakingly derides.

The Bowling Green

The Rabbits with Wet Eyes

ONE evening while Mr. Mistletoe was pulling up plantain weeds . . .

But before we go on I had better tell you a few details about Mr. Mistletoe's adventures as a grass-grower.

He was always happy when he was mowing the lawn—though (as I said before) *lawn* is certainly too smooth a word for such a bumpy arrangement of ground. There is something very soothing in the whirr of the twirling blades, if it is not broken too often by the hard shock of a stick or a pebble or one of Donny's old bones. Keeping the lawnmower straight, and enjoying the smell of cut grass, and feeling your own strong earth solid under your feet, is a healthy pleasure.

But though Mr. Mistletoe was very happy mowing the grass, he looked serious. Perhaps he was thinking? Certainly there was plenty to think about. I wonder what there was about his ground that made it so attractive to moles. Every time he thought he had got the front grass-plot in pretty good order, there appeared a new lot of their wrinkly little subways. Then these soft tunnels had to be all carefully trodden down or else flattened out with the heavy roller. Worst of all was when Donny and Fritz, the dogs, would decide to give some help in the mole problem. Then, when Mr. Mistletoe came back in the evening, he would find a ragged zigzag furrow, ten or fifteen feet long, dug up one of the terraces; or a hole big enough to bury a neighbor's child in. These excavations were worse to repair than all the tunnels a whole family of moles could make in a month.

Another thing Mr. Mistletoe used to think about, as he went solemnly to and fro with the lawnmower (stopping now and then to light his pipe and wipe his forehead) was the idea of starting a Nassau County Weed Show. In a Flower Show he would have no chance at all; but in a well-conducted Weed Show he ought to get a prize. His plantain-weeds were remarkable, both in number and size. And in a good Weed Show there should also be prizes for the greatest number of croquet hoops lost in one season, or balls disappeared among rhododendron bushes, or velocipedes left out over night. In such competitions, he believed, the family would rank high.

But the plantain-weeds were his special concern. On warm evenings he often spent an hour or so grubbing them up. Sometimes it seemed as though the lawn was really more plantain than grass. But it is quite good fun pulling them up, because you are never sure whether the roots will come or not. If you are careful to get hold of all the leaves, and give a little twist, the chances are that the roots will come too. The game is to keep score, and count how many roots come and how many don't.

What bothered Mr. Mistletoe, in these adventures, was that anything so plentiful as those weeds should be so useless. For he liked to imagine that almost everything is useful in one way or another if you understand about it. It always gave him great pain to throw anything away: he carefully preserved bits of string, heads of broken dolls, small pencils, buttons, corks, rusty nails. He rarely put these odds and ends to any purpose, but it made him happy to have saved them.

* * *

One evening, then, as I started to say at the beginning, Mr. Mistletoe was cheerfully pulling up plantain weeds and putting them into a basket. When the basket was full he carried it into the woods and dumped it, and doing so he had to pass by the rabbit run. As he did so, he always said, "Well, bunny bunny bunny," which was not an important thing to say but showed a friendly spirit. He and the rabbits led very different lives, and perhaps they did not really have very much in common, but at any rate they were on good terms. So he was shocked, passing their wire netting, to see that their eyes were full of tears.

They were white rabbits, with beautiful red eyes. Even in their cheerfullest moods there seems something a little wistful about eyes of that color: they look as though they had been inflamed by long and inconsolable weeping. So when you take eyes that are naturally red, and fill them with real tears, the effect is very sad. Mr. Mistletoe was painfully startled and stopped by the netting to wonder.

If he had not been rather a stupid man he would have guessed long before. The rabbits had been trying all summer to tell him, but he could not understand their language. It was gradually breaking their hearts to see him, day after day, pulling up and throwing away the beautiful delicious plantain-weeds they love so much. Among the many things that Mr. Mistletoe did not know was the interesting fact that juicy green plantain is one of a rabbit's most favorite foods. And to remain helpless in their enclosure and watch all that plantain being wasted was more than they could bear.

When he stood there, holding the basket of weeds and wondering, the rabbits became greatly excited. Their ruby eyes glistened with trouble, their tall pink ears quivered, they stood up poking through the wire with noses that twitched.

"Good gracious," said Mr. Mistletoe. "They seem terribly upset about something. Can it be that they want some of the plantain? It might be very bad for them."

It seems queer that a man could be so ignorant. Do dogs like bones? Do horses like apples? Do Chinamen like rice? Do girls like fudge? That is how rabbits feel about plantain.

The behavior of the rabbits was so emphatic, their eyes were so eloquently wet, that Mr. Mistletoe thought he might give them just one plantain and see what happened. When he began pushing it through the hole in the netting they almost tore it from his hands. They fell upon it like sailors on a glass of grog after a long long voyage. There was a violent nibbling and crunching and in half a minute that green weed had entirely disappeared, even the little cluster of roots.

Mr. Mistletoe watched anxiously. He had a sort of idea that perhaps Binny and Bunny would suddenly fall dead. But they looked stronger and bigger than ever, their noses trembled with healthy vibrations, the tears had vanished from their eyes. They looked at him in a way he could not possibly misunderstand.

Good heavens, he said to himself, and gave them the whole basket.

Late that night Mr. Mistletoe was waked by a queer soft cheerful sound coming from the back yard. The rabbits were singing.

* * *

Slowly and quietly Mr. Mistletoe thought about this matter. He noticed, after that, that every time he began to pull up plantain weeds the rabbits were watching him closely. Then a great idea came to him. He hunted about in the attic until he found the old baby-pen that had been used by the children long ago. He carried it outdoors and put it over the richest and thickest patch of plantain on the lawn. Then he put Binny and Bunny in the pen. There was a merry sound of crisp eating, and that was the end of that patch. As they ate, the rabbits' active paws patted down the earth smoothly and neatly so that all was left tidy. After an hour's time he shifted the pen to another place and they began afresh.

So that is how the great institution of Plantain Hour was started. Every summer evening the rabbits have their outing in the pen, and move round from one part of the garden to another. That is why Mr. Mistletoe's lawn is now so beautiful, and why the rabbits are the most buxom in the Roslyn Estates. Just look at them!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Paul Valéry, who recently became a member of the French Academy, was, according to a writer in a French newspaper, well known to the younger literary groups in France, but to more conservative circles was quite without interest. Indeed, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* had never printed his name before his election to the Academy. When he made his entrance into it even Joffre, who is almost unfailing in his attendance at meetings, failed to put in an appearance, being frightened by the prospect of a meeting so completely devoted to poetry. The attendance was of philosophers, historians, and of an unexpected number of *précieuses*. Mr. Valéry's address was on Anatole France, a thankless task in view of the enormous amount that has been written about him, but he managed to make it interesting.

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Books of Special Interest

The Wordsworths

DOROTHY AND WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. By C. M. MACLEAN. New York: The Macmillan So. 1927.

Reviewed by F. V. MORLEY

IT is not easy to write on Dorothy and William Wordsworth. Though Dorothy has not been neglected, she has never had her due; the natural temptation, therefore, in calling for more attention to her, is to overemphasize. She claimed nothing, and when one discovers the fine gold in her journal, the attraction of it may make one say too much. Whether her narrative is concerned with the tours she made with her brother, or with life at home, her eager, affectionate, observant descriptions show her intelligence, unselfishness, felicity. When Wordsworth's light went out, in his unsettled, despairing period, she struck the rekindling spark. It would take a nice discrimination to reveal the relationships between Dorothy, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. The flashes of wild gaiety, the irresponsiiblity with which they gipsyed, the absorption with which they fed and watched the bonfire of impassioned intellect; that was the first stage, and the second was how they watched and what they thought about the embers, each from his own retreat. Coleridge is not within the boundaries of these essays; even so, Dorothy and Wordsworth provide an adequate theme. There is much to say about them, early and late. One wonders, for instance, whether Wordsworth's possessive love, as an old man, for his daughter Dorothy, was in part due to a desire to recapture what Dorothy had meant to him, in early days.

* *

So much for the expectation raised by the appearance of the volume. It comes in the attractive format one associates with Cambridge books. On reading it, one finds out quickly that Miss Maclean believes in emphasis. "In these journals that are so much more than journals," she says, "Dorothy shows herself the greatest of English descriptive writers." The word "greatest" is loosely chosen; hardly the right compliment, therefore, to pay to Dorothy, who was peculiarly happy at finding fitting words and accurate descriptive phrases. An impulsive hastiness leads Miss Maclean to overstate. She admits as much. Wordsworth, she remarks,

> did not realize that the material he was borrowing from Dorothy and fashioning into new shapes was already gold. With this obtuseness of his with regard to a poetic inspiration more constant than his own, it is impossible not to feel the utmost impatience. There is only one excuse for him. Dorothy's extraordinary modesty might have misled even a surer critic than William Wordsworth.

Sympathy for Dorothy, "unselfish, uncomplaining as a starved kitten waiting on a doorstep" (but by the way, doesn't a starved kitten complain?), is an understandable cause for impatience; and Miss Maclean is aware of the excitability of her phrases, and usually takes pains to contradict any false impressions. It is uneconomical, and sometimes irritating, to progress that way. One must disintegrate such a remark as "She [Dorothy] had the key to a Fairyland of her own, which she could enter at any moment." Nevertheless, the essays on Dorothy are sensitive, and the remarks upon the journals contain many fine perceptions. When Miss Maclean quotes from the journal of the tour with Coleridge and Wordsworth in 1803, or when she remarks on Dorothy's love for Wordsworth, which at moments approached ecstasy, she is a discriminating critic, and speaks with nicety.

And yet impulsiveness keeps breaking in.

> Wordsworth served a master who would brook no tarrying, who like Jehu drove furiously in his chariot, and whose words were symbols flung upon the air as he passed, and to be transcribed ere they had faded into the winds. Those who wait upon inspiration know well that the terms of their service brook no rest and no delay.

Very likely there is no harm done, yet the aim of the essays is avowedly to do away with vulgar errors. "The degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation" was attacked in Wordsworth's manly prefaces. Miss Maclean is so much in sympathy, that exceptions continue to surprise, throughout the book. In the seventh essay, she leaves the reader with the impression that Wordsworth had little of significance to say about other poets. In its place, it is perhaps a device to to emphasize the significance of what he had to say about himself. Nevertheless, it is dangerous to succumb too easily to Wordsworth's statement, "I am not a critic." For example, when a student reads the lines:

Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven
With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace

he may, perhaps for the first time, realize what "criticism" really is.

A Novelist's Youth

FLAUBERT'S YOUTH. By PIAGET SHANKS. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. 1927. $2.25.

Reviewed by ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

IF Flaubert had died in 1845, when he was twenty-four years old, it is safe to say that he would never have been heard of even by the most industrious graduate student. "Madame Bovary" did not appear until 1857, and as far as the general reader is concerned "Madame Bovary" marks the beginning and at the same time the high-water mark of Flaubert's literary career. In confining himself to Flaubert's youth Mr. Shanks is obviously addressing the specialist and not the general reader. How does it happen that the boy who steeped himself in **Byron and Victor Hugo,** who wrote sanguinary stories, full of second hand feeling but utterly devoid of observation, should have become the father of realistic fiction? After telling the drab story of Emma Bovary, which so shocked the imperial guardians of morality that Flaubert found himself accused of undermining the sanctity of family life, he shook the dust of his own age off his feet and plunged back into the splendors of the past. The problem of reconciling "Salammbo" and "Madame Bovary," the romanticist and the realist within Flaubert, has always fascinated his biographers.

Mr. Shanks has attempted to explain this double literary personality by a careful study of the novelist's youth and of his juvenilia. There is something pathetic and yet fascinating about that generation that was growing up in France during the eighteen thirties. They were so certain that all existing laws and customs were ridiculous, that passion was divine, that they must drink life to the dregs, and that moderation and sanity were the only unforgivable sins. Flaubert was no exception to the rule. The prospect of life in a law office was too horrible for him to contemplate. He and his friend Alfred de Poittevin, the uncle of Guy de Maupassant, longed for that life of adventure and romance which they bequeathed so liberally upon the heroes of their imagination.

In this period of their youth they conceived of a bizarre creature called Le Garçon, a Rabelaisian caricature of the young bourgeois. They took a strange delight in enacting the part of the "Garçon" themselves. His raucous laughter and his loud inept remarks typified for them the brutal stupidity of their non-romantic contemporaries. "We lived in a strange world," wrote Flaubert afterwards, "alternating between ideas of insanity and suicide," but there must have been a good deal of sheer animal spirits too or the Garçon could never have been created. It was a strange youth for a man who a few years later was to spend twelve to fourteen hours a day in his study at Croisset writing and rewriting his novels with an almost inhuman pertinacity. It does not explain the quest for the *mot juste.* Perhaps Mr. Shanks will do that for us in his forthcoming study on the genius of Flaubert.

A Polish writer, unknown as yet in this country, but highly regarded in her own land, is Sophie Natkowska, who in 1906 surprised her world by publishing a novel entitled "Women." Under the guise of fiction Miss Natkowska presented a searching analysis of feminine nature. She wrote with power and penetration, and quite without regard to established opinions and pretenses. She has since followed up her book with others, all of which are able and interesting works.

Walter de la Mare has rewritten the stories of Cinderella, Dick Whittington, Jack and the Beanstalk, and other heroes and heroines of the nursery for an illustrated volume, entitled "Told Again," which will be published in the early autumn. There are color plates and black and white pictures by A. H. Watson.

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Books of Special Interest

Man and Writer

MARCEL PROUST. His Life and Work. By LÉON PIERRE-QUINT. New York: Knopf. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

ATTEMPTS to tell the story of Marcel Proust's curious existence and to estimate his work are already numerous in France,—so numerous, indeed, that one must wonder whether his reputation can long sustain the onslaught of well-meaning friends and devoted critics. From the day of his death in 1923, which saw nearly a quarter of "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu" unpublished, until today, when the final portions of "Le Temps Retrouvé" are appearing in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, there has been no European writer more ardently discussed. Of all the books about him, the most satisfactory as a whole is certainly M. Pierre-Quint's study, which has now been well translated by Hamish and Sheila Miles.

The legend which gathers about the figure of any great writer is commonly romantic in its essence, and founded upon his struggle against the accepted order of things. But, as Benjamin Crémieux has pointed out, Proust had nothing to struggle against save himself. He was well-to-do, a popular figure in Parisian salons in the nineties; fate seemed to have singled him out for the part of a dilettante. He possessed none of the qualities which make for stern opposition to anything. But he did suffer from continual ill-health, and in the end his malady caused him to be thrown upon the resources of his own mind. Had Proust been well, he might never have written a word. Yet it must have required some shock more decisive than illness to transform him from an old lady's pet, a sort of human poodle leading an existence outwardly as useless as a man could lead, into the "great distributor of life" seen in him by Mrs. Wharton. The task of the eventual biographer of Proust will be to explain that extraordinary change of soul.

It cannot be said that M. Pierre-Quint faces this problem in the first part of his book. He prefers to give us a number of anecdotes and details of the author's life, which may interest and amuse those to whom they are new. But the story of Proust's cork-hung room, his midnight suppers at the Ritz, his abnormal sensibility, his enormous tips, and his purposeful snobbery, is now well known. Two recent books, the Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre's "Robert de Montesquiou et Marcel Proust" and Robert Dreyfus's "Souvenirs sur Marcel Proust," add to this store of Proust legends.

In the middle section, however, M. Pierre-Quint gets down to business in his consideration of Proust's style and methods. It is an accurate analysis, though many critics will not agree with some of his enthusiasms. An entire school, indeed, has followed Ramon Fernandez in claiming that Proust made the elementary mistake of taking sensation for sentiment. The question may well be left to the metaphysicians, while we admire with Pierre-Quint the accuracy of his observation, the fluency of his dialectic, and above all the potency of his imagination. Finally, the most brilliant, though not always the most readable part of M. Pierre-Quint's work is the discussion of Proust's world, the background of ideas against which his characters are exhibited. Here the qualities of Pierre-Quint as a critic are most clearly seen, and the sole working hypothesis on which Proust's philosophy has yet been explained is given.

According to this theory, the ruling principle in the universe presented in Proust's work is not God, nor Good, nor Evil, nor any of the convenient abstractions usually occupying this position. Instead, he offers as the basis of morality the ideal of artistic creation. In the universe of Proust art is the guiding star in the nothingness of existence, the instrument of release from suffering. It may be summed for the individual by anything from the little phrase of Vinteuil which plays so important a part in "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," to the entire bulk of the seventeen volume book itself. The explanation may seem facile, discounting what Proust himself called "les intermittences du coeur," but it will serve as well as other systems. As M. Pierre-Quint presents it, with eloquence and faith, it is convincing enough.

It seems likely that his views of Proust are too whole-heartedly those of a disciple. Nor is his analysis of Proust's technique the best we have. Crémieux's essay in his "XXme Siècle" and Gabory's "Essai Sur Marcel Proust" are both more exhaustive and better arranged. More severe critics, with Proust's completed work before them, may draw his portrait more clearly and trace the limits of his mind with greater accuracy. It is probable, in fact, that Proust's present reputation, with its overtones of faddism, will not endure. But none of these things can detract from the credit due M. Pierre-Quint for the admirable service he has done Proust in his book.

Mme. Blavatsky, Saint

MADAME BLAVATSKY. By G. BASEDEN BUTT. Philadelphia: David McKay Co. 1927.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THE thrice-exposed Madame Helena Petrovna Hahn Blavatsky is in a fair way to be sainted after all. Times have changed since 1884 when her graceless accomplices, the Coulombs, raised the scandal in Adyar, and Hodgson went out from England to investigate, returning with two hundred pages of evidence sufficient to have damned St. Peter or St. Paul. True, the verdict of the British Society for Psychical Research still is there that he who runs may read: "For our own part, we regard her neither as the mouthpiece of hidden seers, nor as a mere vulgar adventuress: we think that she has achieved a title to permanent remembrance as one of the most accomplished, ingenious, and interesting impostors in history." But the effect upon him, or her, who runs may be seen from the instance of Mrs. Annie Besant. When, long ago, in her early unregenerate days of atheism and birth control, Mrs. Besant first became interested in Mme. Blavatsky and paid her a visit, the latter fixed a mystical blue-eyed gaze upon her and enjoined her to read Hodgson's report and then return if she would. Mrs. Besant went, read, and returned; the blue eyes were stronger than the facts. And with the passage of time they have increased their lead. Mme. Blavatsky's numerous detractors one by one passed off the stage.

Mr. Butt's book presents a delusive appearance of thoroughness and scholarship. It tells a plain, straightforward, if marvelous tale; it is adorned with footnotes; it takes up the Hodgson report and Solovyoff's equally damaging *exposé* and appears to refute them point by point. But everywhere, as a matter of fact, it calmly makes the most improbable statements without indicating their source and hurdles the opposing evidence whenever this seems desirable. Thus the whole story of Mme. Blavatsky's youth and early womanhood is based almost solely on her own word or that of her equally unreliable sister, Mme. Jelihovsky. There is no mention of her long-continued liaison with the singer, Metrovitch, attested by her cousin, Count Witte; possibly because Mr. Butt deems all such scandal sufficiently answered by the report of her physician that "she has never borne a child," the author apparently belonging with those Victorian novelists who believed that every indiscretion has a baby all its own. It would take several pages to indicate the important details which he omits to mention in connection with the alleged Indian frauds. He explains the notorious plagiarisms in Mme. Blavatsky's writings by the fact that she was copying from the astral light, neglecting to make clear why it is more permissible to plagiarize the astral light than the printed page.

As a biography the book is hardly a success, but as mythology it is excellent. We are offered five chapters of miracles—or, to use the modern phrase, "psychic phenomena:" phenomenal appearances of Mahatmas, phenomenal Mahatma letters, raps and astral bells, clairvoyance, materialization of objects, etc., etc., all based on evidence given not more than twenty years after the event! Thus fortified, we are enabled to "see before us, not a charlatan, but a noble, an heroic soul, a supremely honest, clear-seeing woman, distinguished from most other modern benefactors of humanity by her superior glory." Verily, a saint, aye, and more than a saint. "If Madame Blavatsky were, as we believe, a genuine Messenger, there seems to be nothing more to be said about existence." At any rate, there is nothing more to be said about Mr. Baseden Butt.

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Foreign Literature

East Indian Art

AJANTA: PEINTURES DE LA PREMIERE GROTTE. By VICTOR GOLOUBEW. Paris: Van Oest. 1926.

Reviewed by DANIEL V. THOMPSON, JR.

THE latest volume of *Ars Asiatica* contains a superb seven-plate panorama of the group of rock-cut temples at Ajanta, and seventy-four fine photographs of Cave I and its decoration. This is a proportion of text to illustration which commands our admiration. The publication of Goloubew's work has been awaited eagerly, and it is disappointing to read, in the *avant-propos* to this handsome volume, that plans for its continuance have been abandoned. "If we have been slow to publish the group of photographs which we brought back in 1911," he writes, "it is because we thought that we should be able to resume and finish up a task which had been brutally interrupted by the War. This hope did not materialize, and the photographic inventory which we began sixteen years ago . . . will probably never be completed." Why the project must be given up he does not say: possibly publication may be undertaken by the Archæological Department of H. E. H. the Nizam, as has been urged.

Mr. Goloubew has made a contribution which, though admittedly incomplete, is none the less invaluable. His plates are the first documents, the first reproductions, *scientifiquement utilisables*, which have appeared, to illustrate the painted decoration of any of the Ajanta caves. Hitherto we have been dependent on copies made by Griffiths and his students between 1872 and 1885, and by Lady Herringham, twenty years later, which cannot take the place of photographs for precise study or record.

The monastery of Ajanta is composed of twenty-eight caves, four of them churches, the others dwelling-places, cut "in the face of an almost perpendicular scarp of rock about 250 feet high, sweeping round in a curve of fully a semi-circle, and forming the north or outer side of a wild and lonely glen." Goloubew's fine panorama of the caves was taken in the dry season, and does less than justice to the great beauty of the site. The earliest caves date from the second or third century B. C.; the latest, Cave I, which M. Goloubew has chosen, dates from the seventh century of our era.

The "caves," as they are called, may be counted among the most impressive works of man. Whether they should be admired as architecture or sculpture is not so clear; for, though they are conceived in elaborate architectural forms, they are the product not of architectural construction but of laborious carving in hard stone. In their decoration they are extremely rich, though much of the painting that covered the walls, ceilings, and even columns, has been destroyed outright or hidden under yellow varnish by misguided Europeans, and condemned to a lingering oblivion.

The corpus of early painting in India is very small. Save for the frescoes at Bagh and Ramgarh Hill, and for some recently published fragments at Ellora, almost no painting has come down from ancient India except the decoration of these Ajanta caves. Both for their early date and for their great intrinsic beauty and charm these paintings deserve and repay attention. Their importance in the study of Buddhism and Buddhist Art cannot be overestimated.

M. Goloubew's photographs record almost completely the contents of Cave I. His iconographical and descriptive notes are concise and helpful, and they contain valuable bibliographical material which excuses the omission of a general bibliography. Cave I is on the whole the best preserved of the group: a large part of the ceiling is intact. It contains much that is interesting, much that is very beautiful; but in the last analysis the paintings of Cave I are not the most significant work at Ajanta, and M. Goloubew's masterly presentation of them only increases our desire for a publication of the rest.

Tom Paine in Drama

THOMAS PAINE. Schauspiel. By HANNS JOHST. Munich: Albert Langen. 1927.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

IT looks as if themes from the history of the United States might become a fashion with dramatists in Europe. After the success of John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" comes the "Thomas Paine" of Hanns Johst, one of the most prominent of the younger German playwrights, which had its first performance at Karlsruhe at the end of March and scored a distinct success. It is as interesting a play to read as to see, perhaps even more. On the stage the loose construction of the drama, and the rapid succession of short scenes, may be disturbing to the mind, but these do not embarrass the reader; they rather serve to illustrate concisely but vividly the character and fate of the man whom the dramatist has chosen for his hero. The drama is a personal one; it is founded in history, and plays against a well-suggested background of the War of Independence and the French Revolution—with this gap of time it was inevitable that there should be a lack of complete unity—but it is not a mere pageant, not a sequence of dramatized chapters of history; it is the story of a man who, as the rather grandiloquent preface to the play asserts, summed up in himself the tragedy of the common man who sacrifices himself and dies forgotten or despised, but leaves life as a whole richer, a cause triumphant, by the mere fact of his having lived and struggled. "Thomas Paine . . . he fades away so far as personal fate is concerned, but he survives as a melody." In other words, Thomas Paine, by a process of selection, is studied here as the little-recognized, much-misunderstood member of a great orchestra, without whose contribution, however, the full harmony could never have been achieved.

The play opens with a conversation between General Greene and Christopher Stone, in the editorial office of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*. Washington enters; he and Greene despair of the future, the first because of the self-seeking of the businessmen, the second because of the poor material with which the fight for freedom is to be carried on. Paine's stirring pamphlet "Common Sense" is read; its eloquence puts new life into them, but no one knows the author. It is the first stage in his long career of non-recognition, insufficient appreciation. Then Paine comes in. In a rapid scene he scatters to the winds the arguments of the cautious business-men, the prudent calculators of financial possibiilties. He wins them for an idea and all present range themselves with enthusiasm on his side, while he acclaims Washington as the first American field-marshal. In a later picture he is shown offering Washington strategic advice. "On to the west," he cries, and the scene ends on a lyrical note in praise of the rivers and mountains, the sky and the youthful spirit of the new America.

The next scene shows him scorning the idea of raising a loan from England; France, also now about to fight for liberty, is the country of his dreams, and he leaves on his mission to Paris, after having convinced Washington of the soundness of his ideas. He here meets the crisis of his life. The high altruism and scorn of calculation which had inspired his earlier action now leads him to defend the King. He addresses the mob. "Give me this man. I will take him to America, I will show him free independent states. He shall see the dawn of a new day." The only answer is "To the guillotine," and his escape from death and the years of imprisonment which he endured instead are quickly passed over by the dramatist. Then the scene changes once more to America. By now he is discredited, believed to be dead; a little later he is completely forgotten and when he returns to Philadelphia towards the end of his life, all those whom he had inspired with his ideals are dead. It is the height of the tragedy and the dramatist extracts all the possible pathos from it. The man who had—it is Hanns Johst's arbitrary reading of the story—created all, sinks back into obscurity, becomes an unrecognized part of the symphony of freedom he had himself written. Such a personal tragedy is only made possible by drastic suppression of a number of important episodes in Paine's life; he did not exactly endure as a suffering hero the fate of misunderstanding which was his lot. At least in part he brought it on himself and no reader of his works and his biography can forget that there was in him a strain of tactlessness, to say the least, of impatience, intolerance, and coarse energy which no one would suspect from a reading of the play. Yet the dramatist, one feels on reflecting over the play as a whole, has the essence of the truth in his work, and in any case his skill in presenting his particular conception of Paine is beyond question. The shocked English Evangelical view of Thomas Paine is probably dead by now; if not Mr. G. K. Chesterton's pages on him in his book on Cobbett must have dealt it a death-blow. The more generous and truthful view is found in these dramatic scenes; they at least have the merit of a forceful correction of a misunderstanding and a misreading of character, and for the first time in literature, we believe—as apart from polemic—Thomas Paine has here found his vindication.

The Spirit Diagrammed

DER GEIST IM WORT UND DER GEIST IN DER TAT. By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. Berlin: Fischer Verlag. 1927.

Reviewed by PIERRE LOVING

IF Dr. Schnitzler had reread Spinoza before he ventured into the region of philosophical speculation in the present essay on the spirit in word and in deed, he would have avoided one or two pitfalls, one hazard, and he would, no doubt, have powerfully strengthened his argument and given tougher fibre to his method. For, like Spinoza and Descartes, he turns to geometry or, to be exact, to a simple geometrical diagram in order to explain an ethical hierarchy which exists in his mind. At the outset he bluntly posits the hierarchy and then sets about to prove its force and validity; only he does not quite prove it, as the reader has every right to expect, but merely contents himself with making further arbitrary statements about his neat diagrams. The utter simplicity of this method, as well as the character of the constatations about the spirit and the human embodiments of it, made me at first rub my eyes and wonder whether the gentle ironist of Vienna were not, with tongue in cheek, indulging in a mild-flavored hoax.

Briefly, the argument seeks to show that if you suppose the existence of positive and negative forces, God and the Devil, they can be diagrammed by way of two triangles set base to base. The dividing line would, then, serve to mark the middle ground on which, so to speak, they marry or where, at all events, they appear to have some sort of palpable contact. Let us first consider the diagram of spirit in action. We start with God at the tip of the upper triangle and somewhere along the right slope we encounter the scientist who explores nature and who is, moreover, the true healer; on the opposite slope we have the military leader and the organizer; at the base, on the right side, the bridge-builder and mathematician; on the left side, the seafarer and discoverer. Now as to the lower triangle: On the right side, meeting the bridge-builder is the speculator and opposite him is the sheer adventurer. And so by degrees we descend to the quack and the alchemist, the dictator and the tyrant, to the swindler, the evil spirit, and thus ultimately to the Devil.

⁂

The diagram of the spirit in the word commences once more with God and goes through the prophet, poet, historian (continualist), statesman, philosopher, and priest. These are all positive. On the negative side, then, we have the sophist, the pharisaical priest, the journalist (actualist), the politician, the literary man (suspended ruthlessly in the dark illimitable void from the lower tip), then the evil spirit and lastly, again, the devil. The argument, as I have indicated above, does not prove that these things are so, but simply asserts them, explaining conscientiously the meaning of the terms and putting them forth as a picture of one man's, that is, Schnitzler's ethical world. On the whole, neither the argument nor the diagram, it is evident, are very exciting nor very original.

If this little essay gives us a picture, although a narrow and restricted one, of Schnitzler's ethical microcosm, it does not, on the other hand, give us a satisfying glimpse of what used to be called by the Germans his *macrocosm*. Schnitzler's novels and plays do after all fully give us that. A man's creative activity, simply because it is creative or positive (as Schnitzler himself says in his essay) disengages in a hundred subtle ways the modes in which the world mirrors itself in his consciousness, in his sensibility, and in his intelligence. You might say, with Spinoza—to return to the one thinker who might have aided Schnitzler in his deplorable *impasse*—that the appreciably divine nature of things can only be conceived by the infinite intellect, and inferentially, that the creative artist tends ever to identify himself with what is called "infinite intellect." Of course the Schnitzler diagrams in the light of modern thought following upon the discoveries of Einstein and Whitehead are a bit absurd. When a contemporary speculative writer plays with simple location, with *positive* and *negative* in such an elementary fashion, even if we are predisposed to concede the ethical need for it within himself, we can perhaps best recall him to his senses by quoting a wiser man's words: "Whatever is, is in God, and nothing can either be or be conceived without God."

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF I HENRY VI. By *Alison Gaw*. University of Southern California.

NEW WRITINGS BY WILLIAM HAZLITT. Second Series. Collected by *P. P. Howe*. Dial. $2.50.

GREEK AND ROMAN FOLKLORE. By *William Reginald Halliday*. Longmans, Green. $1.75.

CHAUCER'S CONSTANCE AND ACCUSED QUEENS. By *Margaret Schlauch*. New York University Press.

SHAKESPEARE AND DEMI-SCIENCE. By *Felix E. Schelling*. University of Pennsylvania Press. $2.50.

LAUGHING TRUTHS. By *Carl Spitteler*. Putnams.

ESSAYS: Formal and Informal. Collected and edited by *Frank W. Scott* and *Jacob Zeitlin*. Holt. $2.50.

THE GORGON'S HEAD. By *Sir James George Frazer*. Macmillan.

THE NEW WORLD. Second Series. By *Harold Bruce* and *Guy Montgomery*. Macmillan.

THE SKEPTICISM OF ANATOLE FRANCE. By *Helen B. Smith*. Paris: Les Presses Universitaires.

Biography

PORTRAIT OF PASCAL. By *Mary Duclaux*. Harpers. $4.

THE PAPERS OF SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON. Edited by *Alexander C. Flick*. Vol. V. Albany: University of the State of New York.

THE OLDEST BIOGRAPHY OF SPINOZA. Edited by A. Wolf. Dial. $2.50.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. By *Sarah Henry Benton*. Dial. $3.50.

WORDSWORTH. By *H. W. Garrod*. Second Edition. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

UPTON SINCLAIR. By *Floyd Dell*. Doran. $2 net.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. By *Herbert Gorman*. Doran. $2 net.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE. By *E. F. Benson*. Harpers. $4.

LORD BROUGHAM AND THE WHIG PARTY. By *Arthur Aspinall*. Longmans, Green. $7.

CIRCUS PARADE. By *Jim Tully*. A. & C. Boni. $2.50.

THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER. By *Nan Britton*. New York: Elizabeth Ann Guild, Inc. $4.

TWELFTH CENTURY CHARACTERS AND CHARACTERISTICS. By *Martha J. Ross Teel*. Four Seas. $3 net.

THE PRINCESS DES URSINS. By *Maud Cruttwell*. Dutton. $3.50.

TRADER HORN. By *Alfred Aloysius Horn*. Edited by Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster. $4.

Drama

THE COURT MASQUE. By *Enid Welsford*. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH PLAYS. Edited by *Clarence D. Brenner* and *Nolan A. Goodyear*. Century. $4.25.

THE ART OF PANTOMIME. By *Charles Aubert*. Holt.

CANADIAN PLAYS FROM HART HOUSE THEATRE. Edited by *Vincent Massey*. Vol. II. Macmillan.

STUDIES IN THE CONTEMPORARY THEATRE. By *John Palmer*. Little, Brown. $2.75 net.

THE PHYSICAL CONDITIONS OF THE ELIZABETHAN PUBLIC PLAYHOUSE. By *William J. Lawrence*. Harvard University Press. $1.50.

Economics

WORKERS' HEALTH AND SAFETY. By *Robert Morse Woodbury*. Macmillan. $2.50.

THE PUBLIC DEBT. By *L. V. Birch*. Dial. $4.

AMERICA'S HUMAN WEALTH. By *Edward A. Woods* and *Clarence B. Metzger*. Crofts.

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF THE UNITED STATES. By *Isaac Lippincott*. Appleton. $3.50.

Fiction

SALTACRES. By LESLIE REID. Dutton. 1927. $2.

The second book of a young Canadian author, "Saltacres," is more remarkable for its extraordinary style than for its story. A more complete collection of sounding phrases has seldom been offered in one volume. From the "frail herald of morning" on the first page to "the shadow of maturity" which, unfortunately, "had sat" upon one of the characters as a child, and is still sitting on him as the book ends, Mr. Reid's style is a continual surprise and delight. The love story of Ethleen Jacquith (a name worthy of the prose in "Saltacres") is long, and complicated by the fact that she lives in a most unpleasant house in the marshes. Those who are interested in such things may trace the subtle manner in which the poisonous airs of the marsh influence the heroine,—and to no good, either.

SAINT IN IVORY. By LORINE PRUETTE. Appleton. 1927. $2.50.

With a care and scholarship amounting to devotion Miss Pruette has reconstructed the life of St. Genevieve of Paris in her new book. The background is France in the reign of Clovis, a period of transition and confusion brought about by the fall of the Roman power in Gaul. In the midst of petty tribal struggles for supremacy the faith of Genevieve stands out distinct, miraculous, and inexplicable. This quieter Joan of Arc may lack the theatrical effectiveness necessary for a popular heroine, but she possesses more than the requisite qualities of nobility, both personal and as a leader. To her story Miss Pruette brings sympathy and understanding as well as a deep knowledge of her times. She has resisted the obvious temptation to gush. Moreover, she presents her heroine less as saint than as woman, after the best modern tradition. It is doubtful that this quiet life contains sufficient conflict to interest that mythical creature the average reader, but that cannot detract from Miss Pruette's accomplishment.

SPRING BANJO. By HORATIO WINSLOW. Frank-Maurice. 1927. $2.

With a title as good as "Spring Banjo," a book is as good as half written. Mr. Winslow adds, as title note, "A Portmanteau Historical Novel and Hymn to Youth with a Musical Accompaniment and Fashion Notes of the Period." (Life will never be the same again since Thomas Beer indulged in the antithetical staccato of "The Mauve Decade.") The historical epoch considered is for the most part the "Dee-dle-dee-dle-dee-dle-DEE" period of the popular tune "Hiawatha," and the book is the story of Caria. Caria, who began life as "Carrie," is one of those ruthless younger females of the species whose sudden debouch into literature begins to take on the appearance of the invasion of the barbarian hordes which always succeeded nice quiet stretches of culture in ancient history texts. Caria's method of dealing with life is to sit down somewhere and decide what she wants, then decide who can get it for her, and then cultivate him. Very soon she has the particular thing she coveted, and with a neat little twitch she detaches from herself the now useless "him," and passes on to the next conquest and annexation. Mechanical though she sounds, Caria manages somehow to seem real and strangely likable. The earnest Young Men's Christian Associationers, little golden boys, and made-to-order college poets are less fortunate in the matter of vitality, although they make a sufficiently amusing background for the ambitious Caria. The book takes itself lightly, with its introductions, historical interludes, chapter names, verses, and mottoes, and it would be ungracious in return to take it too seriously.

POK O'MOONSHINE. By ALBERT FREDERICK WILSON. Dodd, Mead. 1927. $2.

If you ever have felt affection for a book you will feel that way about "Pok O'Moonshine." Who ever has considered New England as material for whimsical treatment, who has dared! Mr. Wilson has done even more, he dares to say that reality is more romantic than illusion, and he convinces you. The realtors of this Island of Manhattan had better watch out, for if this goes on, New Yorkers will be making an exodus to New England or wherever their particular Pok O'Moonshine is.

Begging the author's pardon, he writes in the Irish manner and, to his reader, no writing is happier. Though this simile may be used to describe the author's style, his characters are distinctly of New England. No other *locale* could quite produce Christopher Cooperstone's Aunt Emily. Listen to this:

> My Aunt Emily is not given to humble entreaty. She makes the usual New England gesture toward the doctrine of free will, but it is of that particular kidney frequently employed by good Christians toward reluctant Turks.

That is as incisively etched a portrait as you will have the pleasure of finding. You have no misgivings about Aunt Emily, and there is more just as good. Christopher Cooperstone, native of the Vermont Hills, has come to New York to live in a "make-believe stable in a make-believe alley" to capture that elusive something called inspiration. He is dragged back to Vermont by the indirect methods of Aunt Emily who has no objection to stables nor alleys, but wants them to be real.

Don't think that just because this is a whimsical story there is nothing to bite your teeth into. There's a plenty, and when you have finished reading it, you'll probably swear you love turnips, too. But find out about that for yourself.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THEIR TRADITION. By GUY RAWLENCE. Little, Brown. 1927. $2.

This is a sincere piece of work, carefully done, but except for the character of the great-aunt Alicia it doesn't come off. If the rest of the characters had her vitality things would have been different, but so would Mr. Rawlence's story.

It is a story of three generations living in the shadow of the tradition of "Challenger," the ancestral estate in Wiltshire, England. The youngest generation makes very puny efforts at rebellion. One feels that it is not so much the strength of the Challenger tradition as their own weakness of character which frustrates them.

So much has been done with this theme in the past few years that it needs newer treatment than it finds in Mr. Rawlence's book to hold any interest. One gets impatient with the author's people. It is impossible to feel that theirs is a tradition which is powerful enough to thwart the healthy average persons.

THE ASTOUNDING CRIME ON TORRINGTON ROAD. By *William Gillette*. Harpers. $2.

SHADOW RIVER. By *Walton Hall Smith*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

THE HOOP. By *J. C. Snaith*. Appleton. $2.50.

A BACKWOODS PRINCESS. By *Hulbert Footner*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

A VIRGIN HEART. By *Remy de Gourmont*. Translated by *Aldous Huxley* (Modern Library). 95 cents net.

THE FLOWER SHOW. By *Denis Mackail*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

ROBINSON CRUSOE. By *Daniel Defoe*. Edited by Joseph George Cohen. Allyn & Bacon. $1.

THE MOB. By *Vicente Blasco Ibanez*. Dutton. $2.50.

CRIMSONED MILLIONS. By *John Willoughby*. Clode. $2.

GREEN SANDALS. By *Cecil Champain Lewis*. Doran. $2.

DR. PANAME. By *Sisley Huddleston*. Doran. $2 net.

A BACKWOODS PRINCESS. By *Hulbert Footner*. Doran. $2 net.

BROADWAY. By *Philip Dunning* and *George Abbott*. Doran. $2 net.

THE HARVEST MOON. By *J. S. Fletcher*. Doran. $2 net.

HIS MISTRESS AND I. By *Marcel Prevost*. Doran. $2.50 net.

GRAY SHEEP. By *Dilleyn Parrish*. Harper's. $2.

GIDEON. By *Inez Haynes Irwin*. Harper's. $2.

RESPECTABILITY. By *Bohun Lynch*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

MURDER IN THE MAZE. By *J. J. Conington*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

DETOURS. By *Octavus Roy Cohen*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

THE IRISH SPARROW. By *Will W. Whalen*. B. Herder Book Co., 15 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

SINNERS GO SECRETLY. By *Anthony Wynne*. Lippincott. $2.

THE NEW MACHIAVELLI. The History of Mr. Polly. Marriage. Tono-Bungay. By *H. G. Wells*. (Sandgate Edition). Duffield. 4 vols. $9.50.

AKHNATON. By *Dmitri Merezhkovsky*. Dutton. $2.50.

LOVER'S STAFF. By *Sibell Vansittart*. Macmillan. $2.

THE MURDER AT CROME HOUSE. By *G. D. H. and Margaret Cole*. Macmillan. $2.

CAPTAIN CAVALIER. By *Jackson Gregory*. Scribners. $2.

EXTREME OCCASION. By *Alec Dixon*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS. By *Charles Dickens*. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

THE PASSIONATE TREE. By *Beatrice Sheepshanks*. Harpers. $2.

CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST. By *Dorothy Walworth Carman*. Harpers. $2.

CRUMBLING WALLS. By *Joan Conquest*. Macaulay. $2.

THE OCTOPUS OF PARIS. By *Gaston Leroux*. Macaulay. $2.

Foreign

DIE DEUTSCHE STAATSFINANZWIRTSCHAFT IM KRIEGE. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt (Yale University Press).

DIE STAATSVERWALTUNG DER BESETZTEN GEBIETE. Vol. I. Belgien. By *Ludwig von Köhler*. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt (Yale University Press).

LA FRANCE PERDUE ET RETROUVÉE. By *Pierre Lafue*. Paris: Plon.

ANATOLE FRANCE ET JEAN RACINE. By *Gabriel des Hons*. Paris: Colin.

History

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF REVOLUTION. By *Lyford P. Edwards*. University of Chicago Press. $3.

A PAGEANT OF INDIA. By *Adolf Waley*. Houghton Mifflin.

DEMOCRACY IN THE ANCIENT WORLD. By *T. R. Glover*. Cambridge University Press. (Macmillan.)

International

THE PATHWAY OF PEACE. By *Robert McElroy*. Macmillan.

SAFEGUARDING AND PROTECTION. By *Francis W. Hirst*. Macmillan.

Miscellaneous

PRINCIPLES OF SELLING BY MAIL. By *James Hamilton Picken*. Shaw.

THE HOBO. By *Nels Anderson*. University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

FARM INCOME AND FARM LIFE. Edited by *Dwight Sanderson*. University of Chicago Press.

THEORY OF MACHINES. By *Louis Taft* and *A. J. J. Kersey*. Pitman. $3.75.

COAL CARBONIZATION. By *John Roberts*. Pitman. $7.50.

ON BEING A GIRL. By *Jessie E. Gibson*. Macmillan.

CATALOGUE OF THE HINDUSTANI MANUSCRIPTS IN THE LIBRARY OF THE INDIA OFFICE. By *James Fuller Blumhardt*. Oxford University Press. $6.75.

THE MODERN ENGLISH GARDEN. Scribners. $8.50.

ADVENTURES WITH CHRIST IN LATIN AMERICA. By *Bishop George A. Miller*. Abingdon. $1.

STORM FIGHTERS. By *J. D. Whiting*. Bobbs-Merrill.

IMMIGRANT BACKGROUNDS. Edited by *Henry Pratt Fairchild*. Wiley.

THE NORTH CAROLINA CHAIN GANG. By *Jessie F. Steiner* and *Roy M. Brown*. University of North Carolina Press. $2.

Philosophy

DUNS SCOTUS. By *C. R. S. Harris*. Oxford University Press. 2 vols. $15.

PRIMITIVE MAN. By *John Murphy*. Oxford University Press. $5.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY. By *Bernard Bosanquet*. Macmillan.

BEYOND BEHAVIORISM. By *Robert Courtney*. New York: Grant Publications. $1.50.

THE RIGHT TO BE HAPPY. By *Mrs. Bertrand Russell*. Harpers.

MAN'S WORLD. By *Charlotte Haldane*. Doran. $2.50.

LIGHT, MORE LIGHT. By *James Francis Cooke*. Dorrance. $1.50.

PLATONISM AND THE SPIRITUAL LIFE. By *George Santayana*. Scribners. $1.75.

Poetry

PELAGEA. By A. E. COPPARD. The Golden Cockerel Press. (The Chaucer Head, 32 West 47th Street). 1926. $6.

This is a beautifully bound and printed book of poems, illustrated by Robert Gibbings. It was made in Great Britain. Mr. Coppard, as is generally known, is a distinguished writer of short stories. His poems, also, have some distinction. Here are country staves and philosophic songs, free verse of pliability and cadence; the experience of life, the observation of nature. Sometimes in a phrase, in a clenched statement induced by rhyme, flashes keen beauty. For the most part this is a rural singing waking dim echoes, and, though the workmanship of the poems is deft, the personality of the writer is in no sense conveyed with that impressiveness through which his stories convey it.

MOTLEY MEASURES. By BERT LESTON TAYLOR. Knopf. 1927.

POEMS OF IMPUDENCE. By E. V. KNOX. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $2.

It is interesting to compare the late B. L. T., one of our best light versifiers with the celebrated "Evoe" of *Punch*, who is now gathered into a chaste dark-blue volume. "Motley Measures," by B. L. T., was first published as far back as 1913. The new edition is introduced by Ring Lardner. B. L. T. was probably the most beloved of our "colyumists" and the dean of his profession in his time on the Chicago *Tribune*. And we have gone no farther in his book than the fourth page when we strike "Canopus," one of the most famous of his verses and a perfect achievement of its kind. Memories of the old Bull Moose days stir in "Battle Song," and "On the Eve" not otherwise distinguished. "The Cussed Damozel," from the Woman Suffrage days wakes a faint smile for the

fellow-suffs whose names
Were sweet as caramel—
Millicent, Pansy, Rosalys,
Phyllis and Christabel.

"Bygones" returns us to the period when Cubism was new. So does "The Height of the Artistic," "Art Insurgent," and "Post-Impressionism." In some of these, Taylor took his cue from former masterpieces and adapted them to his uses. Naturally this book includes topical pieces, and the life of the topical piece is rarely long. But a counsel like "Faith Serene" is good verse as well as wisdom. "The Jester of Yesteryear," the last four lines to "Vague Memories," his own version of "Nothing to Wear," "Meditations by a Mossy Stone," "Let Not Ambition Mock," all are excellent. In his second section he strikes out such pleasing statements as "Lord Byron was eternally Farewelling." "To Lillian Russell" is delightful, "When the Sirup's on the Flapjack" a fine condensed parody, "To What Base Uses" a lusty jab at journalism, "The Dinosaur" one of his very best. Then also, among the most trenchant of B. L. T.'s work is "The Bards We Quote" and the admirable "Lay of St. Ambrose." The "L'Envoi" to the book is endearing.

To turn to Mr. E. V. Knox, his verse is never so homely or sentimental as some of B. L. T.'s, though B. L. T. at his best could turn a phrase or prick a bit of buncombe quite as well. "The Child's Guide to Germany," by "Evoe," begins gloriously as follows:

In speaking of the German, one
Must note the all-important fact
That he has ceased to be a Hun
Since signing the Locarno Pact.

The story of Charles who started writing reminiscences "at eight or nine years old" is a beautifully executed conception. We like Mr. Knox's fish, also,—

And fish that turn a rosy pink—
From sheer false modesty, I think—

"Way Down in Tennessee" reminds of the recent Fundamentalist unpleasantness. "The Stately Homes of England" is perfect:

The stately homes of England
How beautiful they stood
Before their recent owners
Relinquished them for good.

"Thestylis," a dirge for a departing cook, is as good a retuning of an old lament as we have recently seen. "The Rhyme of Stout Men in October" is alluringly British. The matter of the parodies is amusing, but they are poor as parodies. "Labor and Art," however, is better than any of B. L. T.'s pot-shots at the New. Then there are "To Triumph!" and "A Blow for England," to mention two of the best of the remainder.

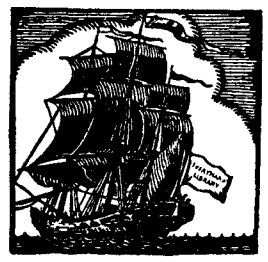
There is a suavity about the best English light verse, a satiric langor, that is characteristic. The best American light verse is, in general, more boisterous. And England seems to have no such tradition as that of Eugene Field wherein the out-and-out sentimental springs from the same pen that can be drily witty. Such are the chief differences between B. L. T. and "Evoe." But both at their best are prime.

THE BOOK OF MODERN CATHOLIC VERSE. Compiled by THEODORE MAYNARD. Holt. 1926. $3.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF CATHOLIC POETS. Compiled by SHANE LESLIE. Macmillan. 1926. $2.

In a fashion these two anthologies complement each other. Shane Leslie goes back in his collection to the Anglo-Saxon and the Medieval, to Cædmon and Cynewulf, Gower, Langland, and Chaucer. All of these, states Mr. Leslie, acknowledged the Holy See. Mr. Maynard begins with Mangan, Griffin, Hawker, "Father Prout," following down through Adelaide Procter and Patmore, Faber and de Vere, to contemporary Catholic poets, English, Irish, and American. Leslie's and Maynard's volumes overlap with the consideration of a number of poets, nevertheless; for in considering the Catholic Revival and the Irish contribution, for instance, Leslie naturally includes Newman, Hawker, Faber, Patmore, Gerard Hopkins, Tabb, Francis Thompson, Benson, Griffin, Mangan, de Vere, Ledwidge, and so on.

Mr. Leslie's is the more exhaustive introduction to a work which he says indicates but the outlines of a series of separate collections that might be made "from the medieval writers or from the classical temples of Dryden and Pope, or from the modern heralds and aftermath of the Oxford Movement." Mr. Leslie's is the scholarship concerning the rich Catholic past, Mr. Maynard's is the touch of the far superior poet in his modern selections. Mr. Leslie ends with those of the 'nineties, Wilde, Dowson, Johnson, and Beardsley, under his section "The Literary Move-



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ment,"—with Joseph Mary Plunkett, MacDonagh, Tom Kettle, and Ledwidge in his section "The Irish,"—and with Alice Meynell and Dora Sigerson Shorter among the women. Mr. Maynard's collection is ungrouped and arranged alphabetically, but his more modern selections, rich in variety, are for the most part very well chosen. He pays a quite proper tribute to our own Agnes Tobin, an artist of the first rank in poetry, who certainly should appear in Mr. Leslie's section "The Holy Women," as also should the greater Louise Imogen Guiney, but Mr. Leslie's vision does not reach so far.

It is interesting to trace certain comparisons. Mr. Leslie chooses seven poems by Gerard Hopkins, Mr. Maynard five which are all included by Mr. Leslie. Mr. Leslie confines himself to "The Hound of Heaven" by Francis Thompson, while Mr. Maynard adds "Assumpta Maria," "To a Poet Breaking Silence," and "The Making of Viola,"—while our own choice would have inclined to "To a Dead Cardinal," "Poppy," "The Mistress of Vision," and "Dream Tryst." As to Alice Meynell, though Leslie includes six and Maynard seven of her poems they agree on only two. Mangan they agree on entirely, though Maynard adds the "Siberia" which Leslie does not. Johnson they do not wholly agree upon, Dowson still less. In both cases Maynard includes the most. An inexcusable omission on Leslie's part in his section "The Irish" is the name and work of Padraic Colum, to whom Maynard pays proper tribute. And we were under the impression that Dorothy L. Sayers was a Catholic poet. A small volume of her poetry in late years struck us as remarkable. If she is of the communion why is she overlooked by both anthologists, especially by Mr. Maynard?

A talented friend, bending an eye upon these books on our table remarked, "Catholic poetry? Nonsense! Truth is truth, poetry is poetry. There is no Catholic poetry, no Protestant poetry!" Mr. Maynard meets this objection at the outset. "There is such a thing as Catholic poetry," he says, "and to deny it is to commit that most fundamental of critical errors: the separation of literature from life. Every universal conception produces its own manner in art. So we may say that there may be, and indeed that there is, a Pagan poetry, and a Mohammedan poetry, and even a Sceptical poetry; and that these consist, not of verses necessarily dealing with Pagan or Mohammedan themes or the general subject of Scepticism, but of poetry informed by these various philosophies, which gives to them, sometimes clearly and sometimes vaguely, a special tone and color. The same claims must be admitted for Catholicism." We think the point is well taken. And no one should approach these two anthologies with the entirely mistaken idea that they contain only devotional verse. They enshrine some of the most beautiful, some of the most robust poetry old and new in the English language. The Catholic contribution to English poetry has been extremely varied and exceptionally fine.

PAINTED SHORES. By CARESSE CROSBY. Illustrated with three Watercolors by Francois Quelvee. Paris: Editions Narcisse. 1927.

RED SKELETONS. By HARRY CROSBY. Illustrated by Alastair. Ditto.

These are two beautiful and expensive books from the press of Lescaret in Paris. The illustrations are exquisitely repro-

(Continued on page 16)

HULBERT FOOTNER

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DORAN BOOKS

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

Earle Walbridge, whose "Romans à Clef" is one of the most successful examples I know of a bibliography that the general reader will read for its own sake, sends me these additions to the list of librarians in fiction:

"IT seems to me that the closest approach to the apothesis of the librarian occurs in Gilbert Chesterton's recent novel, 'The Return of Don Quixote' (Dodd, Mead). You will recall how Michael Herne climbed to the top shelf of the library at Seawood Abbey, 'hoisted himself on to the shelf, in the gap left by the book, and sat there as if he were a new and valuable folio presented to the library.' Some practical-joking guest carried away the ladder, but it made no difference to Herne. He stayed there all day and all night boning up on the Troubadours, and never noticed the difference. The librarian's peculiar intimacy was with the Palaeo-Hittites. 'A story was current of an incautious professor who had repeated idle gossip against the moral character of the Hittite princess, Pal-Ul-Gazil, and whom the librarian had belabored with the long broom used for dusting the books and driven to take refuge on the top of the library steps.'"

"The fictional librarian," Mr. Walbridge goes on, "for whom I have felt the greatest fellow-feeling, although I should not go so far as to say that our cases were exactly parallel, is J. Austin Stoner, private librarian of the Ellermans in W. E. Woodward's 'Bunk' (Harpers). Stoner left the catalogue department of the New York Public Library and 'became a hermit for fifteen years. His hermitage was the library of a popular athletic club. Here he seldom saw a human face, and after years of isolation, he could hardly restrain himself from acting like a shy, feral creature when anyone entered the library to look at the World Almanac.' Mr. Woodward describes him as a 'thin and wiry man of fifty, with a pointed pepper-and-salt beard and childish blue eyes. He wears rubber overshoes and a chest protector, keeps a diary, and says "By Godfrey" when annoyed.' Then there is, of course, Monsieur Sariette, librarian of the Esparvienne library, in Anatole France's 'Revolt of the Angels,' who might qualify for a figure in *Judge's* series of the World's Most Pitiful Cases. Under his supervision not so much as a single leaflet had been lost from the library in sixteen years until the inquiring angel Arcade began to make hay of it. Then there is Doctor Gotthold, the librarian in Stevenson's 'Prince Otto,' whose life was devoted to two things: erudition and Rhine wine. There is a chapter on the librarian in fiction in Edmund Lester Pearson's 'The Library and the Librarian,' and I am told on the best authority that some of the traits of the sanctimonious crook in 'The Voyage of the Hoppergrass' were derived from an ornament to the profession."

It is inexcusable that Chesterton's librarian should so soon have slipped my mind: he is a lovely one; and there is a librarian in one of Anna Robeson Burr's stories published before her name was put to them, I think it was "The House on Smith Square": she shows a surprising ease with manuscripts and illumination in "The Great House in the Park" (both Duffield). Frank Hudleston, author of "Warriors in Undress" (Little, Brown), is librarian of the War Office, and at the back of this sparkling volume of irreverent snapshots of famous generals there is a chapter on the librarian's professional amusements and abrasions that is as good as the rest of the book.

Dale Warren of Houghton Mifflin says, "why don't you tell M.P.E. that the heroine of Samuel Merwin's forthcoming "Anabel at Sea" (Houghton Mifflin), is a New England librarian?" Watch out for this, then; it is promised as an amusing story of an ocean voyage. And a librarian figures in one of the best murder stories of the summer, "The Murder at Crome House," by G. D. H. and Margaret Cole (Macmillan) —not in a lethal capacity, but giving a little advice to a detective. This story begins with a faked photograph found between the leaves of a library book, and if this establishment is not the London Library I miss my guess; it has just the mild absorbed sweetness of that charming institution.

C. V. D., Washington, D. C., is interested in the history of medicine and the cures used for human ailments, particularly in the Middle Ages. "The witch doctors of the less civilized races do not appeal to me so much as the activities of the more scientifically trained peoples."

"IF you will read Woodbridge Riley's "From Myth to Reason" (Harcourt, Brace), a history of the progress of scientific knowledge by way of magic and general guesswork to our present state of mind, you will see that it is hard to say just when people do become completely civilized in matters of this sort. Why, there is material in Dr. Morris Fishbein's "Our Medical Follies" (Boni & Liveright), and J. J. Walsh's "Curse: the Story of the Cures That Fail" (Appleton), for a suspicion that some slight credulity yet lingers even in these United States.

Yes, a perusal of Lynn Thorndike's "History of Magic and Experimental Science" (Macmillan) is enlightening; this is in two fat volumes crowded with information; W. H. Rivers's scholarly "Medicine, Magic, and Religion" (Harcourt, Brace), is about primitive peoples, and there is of course a good deal about curing in Frazer's "The Golden Bough" (one-volume edition, Macmillan). "Arabian Medicine," by Donald Campbell (Dutton, two volumes) is an authoritative work especially concerned with its influence on the Middle Ages.

It is exhilarating somehow—though I don't know just why it should be—to find someone who really believes in witches, like Montague Summers, whose "History of Witchcraft and Demonology" (Knopf) has been followed by a "Geography of Witchcraft" (Knopf)—these are fascinating works, and so is M. A. Murray's "The Witch-cult in Western Europe" (Oxford), though they bear only indirectly on this subject; witches being more proficient in killing than in curing. Indeed the one book that comes the nearest to giving a real answer to this inquirer is "The Magic of Herbs," by Mrs. C. F. Leyel (Harcourt, Brace). This is one of those results of long and painstaking effort that are destined to be read with desultory delight; a hammock book, or for a corner by the fire. It tells about potions and philters for love or swift removal, about cures of all sorts, perfumes, cosmetics, and poisons; altogether it is great. "The Mystery and Lore of Perfume," by C. S. J. Thompson (Lippincott), devotes a large volume to one side of the subject; another and larger work that applies directly to this question is "Four Thousand Years of Pharmacy: the Curious Lore of Drugs and Medicines through the Ages," by Charles H. LaWall (Lippincott). Mrs. Leyal's book has a long bibliography that would be helpful.

V. D. L., New Orleans, La., asks for other books like Barrie's "Little White Bird"—about children but for grown-ups.

THE type and pattern for all these, so far as I am concerned, is Kenneth Grahame's "Golden Age" and its continuation "Dream Days" (Dodd, Mead); these records are worth a bale of psychology; look, for instance, at the report on reading-habits, with each child choosing or being chosen by a specialty such as the fauna of the American continent or the history of the British navy, and arriving at a proficiency in it that seems to outsiders positively uncanny. Now that is sound stuff. There is "The Golden Scarecrow," by Hugh Walpole (Doran), not so well-known as his "Jeremy" or "Jeremy and Hamlet" (Doran), but begining even younger than these famous child-novels; in "The Golden Scarecrow" the author really does get inside the mind of a baby. I read it when I was more closely in touch with a baby's mind than I am now, the infant in question having grown up on me.

E. F. Benson has a real child in "David Blaize and the Green Door" (Doran) and the rest of the stories about this young hero. If school stories may be included there is a fairly long list in which Eden Phillpotts's "The Human Boy" (Macmillan) would figure, but I infer that for this list the age-limit is to be sooner set. But it might let in "Peter in Process," by Olaf Baker (Dodd, Mead), the doings of a ten-year-old boy in the West of Ireland with his Quaker grandparents, complicated by Tobias the cat. It must by all means include "Barrie Marvell," by Charles Vince (Little Brown), one of the small but sure-to-live collections of actual children in print. To this collection additions are being slowly

(Continued on next page)

Westward Ho!

OUR trusty bird, the Phoenix, has taken flight for the summer months, but he feathered his nest well before he left. Stored up against his absence are columns of genial foolery, written in the jocose vein that descends on the vacationist seeing leisure and irresponsibility stretching before him.

* * *

But we are not writing merely to announce that the Phoenician has flown. No, it is because he is winging his way toward the coast and toward a rally of wit and wisdom.

* * *

Have you ever heard of the Bohemian Grove? And of the merry cohorts that gather there? In that enchanted spot the grave become gay, the literary and the artistic disport themselves in a brotherhood of jollity, and quip and prank are the order of the day. The Phoenician will send us tidings of them.

* * *

And when the meeting of the Bohemian Club is over he will still have much to chronicle, for the Californians with whom he is to pass his holiday are, many of them, writers and poets and artists. There will be good, interesting stuff in his messages from the Coast—stuff that we think you will enjoy.

* * *

Perchance in the hurry of your own departure for the summer holidays you may have forgotten to send in a change of address to the ***Saturday Review of Literature***. If so, and you don't want to risk missing a Phoenix Nest, or if you think some friend of yours might be interested in seeing what you don't want to forego, just fill out the coupon below and the continuance of your own *Review* will be insured or your friend will receive a sample copy of the paper as you indicate.

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Points of View

Dr. Rickert's Method

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I read the *Saturday Review* with interest, and, although I do not always agree with all that's ever said in every article in it, I have until now been able to refrain from trying to express my feelings. In the number of March 12, 1927, however, the remarks of Francis P. Donnelly, S.J., *anent* Dr. Edith Rickert's "New Methods for the Study of Literature," are enough to make me wish to burst into print—if I may.

I am one of those unfortunate creatures, one of those personages so utterly lost to any appreciation of the "ancient rhetoric," so completely secure from the impact of any emotional delight in literature, as to sign away my soul to the demon of science and take a course or two under Dr. Rickert. Indeed, I may as well confess the full extent of my depravity and say that I heartily enjoyed the courses. I am sure that my intensive study of Walter de la Mare's "The Listeners," taught me more about literary art than I had learned in all my previous study by the older impressionistic methods. I will admit, certainly, that the application of Dr. Rickert's methods takes a great deal of time and effort. My study of "The Listeners" was not at all a thesis, but it occupied a greater part of one summer and even then, I did not feel that it had exhausted the subject. But, little as I did (I made statistical studies of De la Mare's use of rhyme and accent, his line-length, his stanza, and his use of tone-color), after it was all over, I felt myself able to approach the questions, "What place has *form* in the production of this artist's effect? How is the *form* responsible for such effects?" with some hope of an intelligent answer.

Of course, to those who revel in a sentimental lapse into a state of glorified stupefaction brought on (they insist) by the contemplation of beauty, such really hard and prolonged *study* of an author's technique may seem impious indeed. As a matter of fact, I feel that no one can apply Dr. Rickert's methods—any portion of them—to any literary problem concerned with form, without finding them productive of a good healthy spirit of literary appreciation far and happily removed from the maudlin enthusiasm which most critics of literature now employ. Dr. Manly, in his "Introductory Note" to "New Methods for the Study of Literature" has very conservatively expressed the value of the method when he says,

> Experience has proved to every student who has used the methods that they awaken the senses and sharpen the perceptions of the mere reader in a really surprising manner. They develop the critical powers, the capacity for recognizing the commonplace and the meretricious and for enjoying the fine and the true. And besides this, experience with these methods of analysis adds a new delight to the reading of literature—*a delight hitherto accessible only to* readers who were themselves good literary craftsmen—the delight of sharing in the very processes of creative thought.

Dr. Rickert is herself sufficiently modest in her claims for the value of the methods. She says,

> Can complex word patterns be separated into the strands of which they are composed? Can subtle effects be traced to their sources? If so, may we not hope, by mechanical means, at first, to train the attention to look for the definite qualities into which literature can be analyzed, to recognize certain effects as due to rhythm, others to sound, others to imagery, others to the emotional associations of words, others to the very architecture of thought, or even to the placing of the visible words on the page? If this can be done, shall we not in time substitute for the impressionistic, hit-or-miss, every-man-for-himself method of approaching literature the attitude of the sensitive expert, keenly alive to every varying phase of the word patterns in which the soul of literature is embodied? In the possibility of such a result lies the justification of the scientific method.

As for Professor Donnelly's remark that Dr. Rickert "forgets the obvious fact that language is purely conventional," I should like to refer him to Violet Paget's "The Handling of Words"—a book in which he will find that quite another position may be taken; he will probably discover that Dr. Rickert has been relying upon foundation far other than her "excellent imagination."

As a teacher of English literature, I must bluntly disagree with Professor Donnelly's remark "any method of studying literature which leaves out composition as its final goal is not literary and artistic." Very likely one of the reasons we find it so hard to bring our students to an understanding and appreciation of literature is that we teach *too much* from the point of view of composition. Composition is certainly not the final goal of our students any more than learning to make dishes is the aim of an interested collector of fine china. Most students will never write more than very casual letters. All of them, however, will read, and their best preparation for that activity will be an acquisition of that "attitude of the sensitive expert, keenly alive to every varying phase of the word patterns in which the soul of literature is embodied."

May I be allowed to express a hope that Professor Donnelly will take Dr. Rickert's work seriously enough to attempt to apply some of her methods. He may find them invaluable in providing a background for an intelligent appreciation of literature. As for the work involved, if the methods do nothing more than disabuse the student of the pernicious notion that the making of literature is delightfully easy and entirely dependent upon inspiration, it will have been very profitable. Writing books is undoubtedly very hard work, and the sooner the sophomore who fancies himself a poet because he has invented an original metaphor finds it out, the better it will be for everyone.

In answer to Professor Donnelly's statement "What is wanted in education is a Ph.D. degree for creative work," I must say that it seems to me that the connection between scholarship and authorship can never be more than a dispassionate attempt on the part of scholars to make clear to new authors what old ones have done and, if it be possible, how they have done it. The creative art must ever lead; the studious art, follow. This axiom the true scholar knows very well, and if he allow himself, now and then, a smile or two at the strange literary devices of a young author, the new man has but to produce a really literary effect in order to wipe the smile from the critic's face and to make him study with reverent care those very artifices which he earlier scorned. Perhaps that is the whole point of Dr. Rickert's work. Perhaps she is trying to find a method of study which will give to him who can never write and who has no desire to write, a power of keen delight in the finer shades of literary art. She may reach forward to the time when true artists will have a large, intelligent audience. Her methods may look to the removal of that reproach cast at us by many a lonely poet of the past—that we, the listeners, did not appreciate their work in time to help them and to stimulate them toward further reaches of power and finer results of toil. At any rate, from my own experience of Dr. Rickert's methods for the study of literature, I wish that Professor Donnelly and every other teacher of literature would give them an honest trial.

MARTHA F. CHRIST.
Crane Junior College, Chicago.

A Demurrer

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Your editorial on "The Ground of Criticism," in the July 2d issue—which has just reached me by roundabout mail—speaking of "What Mr. V. F. Calverton . . . refers to as the 'Spangarn-Croce, Carlyle-Goethe theory'," overlooks the fact that H. L. Mencken first employed the phrase (with a dash amidships instead of the comma) in his "Criticism of Criticism of Criticism" nine years ago. His essay, however, did not point out the circle drawn by this highly sponsored notion that the critic should ask: (1) What is the artist striving to express? and (2) How has he expressed it?

For how shall the critic discover what the poet has tried to do? Mr. Spingarn warns that "One caveat must be borne in mind: the poet's aim must be judged at the moment of the creative act, that is to say, by the art of the poem itself, and not by the vague ambitions which he imagines to be his real intentions before or after the creative act is achieved." The validity of this warning, for it seems sound, leaves the critic to determine the intention from the expression, then to examine that expression to see how the intention has been expressed! This absurdity did not go without immediate challenge, nor did its implications entirely escape the ardent sponsor; for Mr. Spingarn's next sentence further specifies: "For to create a work of art is the goal of every artist; and all questions in regard to his achievement resolve themselves into this: Has he or has he not created a work of art?"

All of this is a circuitous path to reach nowhere; but Mr. Spingarn travels farther to find less. For it is in the second section of the same essay that he reaches the conclusions with which your editorial draws to its close, that *all expression is art;* whereby he wipes out the very interrogation he had earlier set up as the touchstone.

Surely such target no longer merits your shafts. Mr. Mencken, in his paper, suggested, that the function of the critic is to serve as "catalyzer" between the work of art and its public—a year before T. S. Eliot declared that the poet is a "catalyst" between the inchoate impressions and the poem. Perhaps the only "theory of criticism" which will find general agreement—discarding the scientific patter of our time—springs (as do Spingarn's two sexes of criticism) from "grandfather Sainte-Beuve," who declared that it was the function of the critic to read, to love, to understand, then to express (and hope to communicate) his love and understanding.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY.
Orleans, Mass.

Reader's Guide

(Continued from preceding page)

but steadily made: "The Child's House," by Marjorie McMurchy (Macmillan), for instance, is here to stay. This is by a Canadian, and the little girl is completely alive. Forrest Reid's "Pirates of the Spring" (Houghton Mifflin) is another such; in his "Spring Song" (Houghton Mifflin) a nervous child's tragedy is involved. A book of this latter sort may—if strictly accurate—serve as warning or example in painful and delicate situations; there is, for instance, the pitiful tragedy of the neurasthenic child, apparently sound but headed straight for destruction, in E. N. Delafield's "A Reversion to Type" (Macmillan), and the touching story of "One Little Boy," by De Selincourt (A. & C. Boni), but these books, make a detour from the main line of the list. The autobiographic studies of Anatole France's childhood in "My Friend's Book," "Little Pierre," and the rest are as reliable in psychological matters as they are charming whether the actual facts are straight or not. To the company of real children in fiction belongs George Madden Martin's "Emmy Lou" (Doubleday, Page), and not long ago came Mazo De La Roche's "Explorers of the Dawn" (Knopf), which belongs in the group with "Dream Days;" it concerns three little boys from five to nine, "left in charge" after their mother dies and, their father goes on a journey. Kipling's "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" is the classic of misunderstood, boarded-out children; in Mary Borden's "Three Pilgrims and a Tinker" (Knopf) there is a family of little creatures buffeted about by the changes and chances of rich parents' love-affairs.

I think A. A. Milne's "Winnie-the-Pooh" expresses as no other book has done the child's unconscious respect for himself as a sort of *deus ex machina* to the toys, animals, and other creatures of the nursery. To the world, so weak and fragile, to the toys the child is a protecting power; it is always all right so soon as Christopher Robin arrives on the scene. This is one of several good reasons why the book will outlast us all.

G. W. P., Los Angeles, Calif., says in answer to the call for stories to tell to children from four to ten—

"MY children loved, and now grown, still quote from, Sara Cone Bryant's 'How to Tell Stories to Children' and 'Stories to Tell to Children': sixteen years ago we bought these books, but it would be a misfortune if they were now out of print (Note: Indeed they're not, and there are several other volumes on this order by the same author, Houghton Mifflin publishing them all). The stories themselves are gathered from many lands, times, and authors, all specially selected by a woman who had made a study of telling stories to children. The 'little jackal series' from Hindu legends is irresistibly humorous. Again, 'Little Epaminondas' was read and reread till anyone in the family could tell it verbatim from memory. . . . And the best part is that they are so perfectly adapted to the mind of the *small* child. As I sit and turn the leaves of these two dear little volumes, a mist of happy memories rises around me, and my four little children are back again clustered around me, listening with delight to these beloved tales."

G. W. P. suggests also "Playdays," by Sara Orne Jewett, and Susan Coolidge's books for girls. To these I must add another old favorite without which I could not have kept house, Laura Richards's "The Golden Windows" (Houghton Mifflin). Can it be that these adorable apologues are out of print? For I do not find them in the catalogue. I have just re-found a set of stories about a very little girl that I used to love when I too was very little, Mrs. Stowe's "Little Pussy Willow" (Houghton Mifflin); she plays in the country, makes houses with bits of china and the like. Two new books might be added to the list of edifying works for the very young, lately given here. One is "Little Folks from Etiquette Town," by Laura R. Smith (Whitman), short stories and pictures: the other is "Making Mother Happy," by Bertha B. Trall (Gabriel), rhymes with pictures of fat and smiling young persons. This artistry in poems and illustrations is nothing much, but they do float the moralizing with which little people put up so politely. Yes, believe me they do; it is touching to see how they really like to be led along the path of absolute virtue by people who have lived long enough to shed many of the qualities with which they are trying to endow their descendants.

C. E. W., Denver, Col., asks for collections of translations of modern French poetry. He has "Fleurs-de-Lys," edited and translated by Wilfrid Thorley, R. C. Savage's "Casements," J. T. Shipley's "Modern French Poetry" (Greenberg), and "Six French Poets," by Amy Lowell (Houghton Mifflin).

"NEW, BUT ROSES" (Brentano) is a collection of unusually successful translations from the French by English poets from Spenser to Symons and Aldous Huxley, edited by Alfred Brickell. Wilfrid Thorley's other collection is "A Bouquet from France" (Houghton Mifflin); there are a hundred poems with text and translation on opposite pages. "The Modern Book of French Verse" (Boni & Liveright) represents seventy-three poets from the eleventh century to the present, in English translations. In Arthur Symons's "The Symbolist Movement in Literature" (Wells), there are English versions of forty-six poems. "The Book of Love," by Charles Vildrac, has been translated by Witter Bynner (Dutton); these poems celebrate the love of everyday things, of the world, of life—of everything honest. Helen Louise Cohen's "Lyric Forms from France" (Harcourt, Brace), is the only collection I know that gives a comprehensive view of the field of refrain-poetry, with an account of the history and use of ballades, chants royales, rondels, rondeaus, triolets, villanelles, and sectinas, and an anthology of examples of all these in English verse. Among them are several of the best translations of famous French poems. I pity anyone who writes and yet has never so much as tried his hand at one of these forms; if he has poetic power, so much the better, but for the deft handling of these delightful measures a special kind of skill is needed, and trying for it is fascinating. Paul Verlaine's "Poems" (Duffield) are translated by Gertrude Hall; there is a selection of nineteen poems by Emile Verhaeren in his "Poems," translated by Alma Strettell (Lane), and his "Afternoon" is in an excellent English version (Dodd, Mead). The plays of Rostand are in two large volumes (Macmillan) and in these the lyrics are in English verse.

ONCE more I must break that rule about not looking up quotations For *E. E. F. S., Paris, France,* asks for this verse, and for obvious reasons I'd like to have it myself; she must know the author before she can use the lines:

Every day, every day, my Guide says to me,
Are you ready?
And I say to my Guide, I am ready.
And my Guide says, March.
And to the end, one day more, I march.
Oh, every day, every day, am I ever
On the ever-diminishing way, to the end,
the end.
The rest is silence.

I think I will paste the first line of this on my desk alongside the letter-paper. Then there are two stories called for. *L. W. A., Morganton, N. C.,* says that some six years since there was published in some American magazine a story called "From England to America" or a like title. *F. A. B., New York,* is anxious to find a story of an explorer who after months of sunless days became ill and was revived by a shaft of reflected light produced by mirrors. This is an anecdote, not a short story, but the source is required.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

FINE BOOK MAKING

APPARENTLY the term "fine book making" is not clear in its meaning to many book buyers. There is a small but influential number of collectors who are interested in the books produced by the special presses, and such book designers as William Morris, Bruce Rogers, and Daniel P. Updike. Many publishers have taken advantage of the interest created by such book makers to sell an imitation product, frequently of little or no merit.

In the current number of *The American Collector*, Paul Johnston discusses "The American 'Fine Book' Bubble" and undertakes to define what he regards as a "fine book." His formula is so clear and comprehensive that it is worth noting. He says:

"The quality, which should be found in every good book, is that it be suitable to the use for which it is intended. No matter how many other good features that it may have, without this essential fitness it is of little value. It is obvious then that, with very few exceptions, any book which lays claim to even a small degree of excellence must be readable.

"1. Type: A good clean form of letter will be required. It can allow no eccentricity which might continually call the reader's eye from the words which are conveying the writer's meaning to him. It must be set with readability as the first consideration.

"2. Paper: Rag paper must be used if the book is expected to last. This can be had in both hand-made and machine-made form.

"3. Presswork: In the printing of the book, black ink must be used. The type page color must be of even tone, and this tone should be maintained throughout the book.

"4. Sewing: A detail in the binding of a book. The book should be sewed on to tapes or cords. This is rarely done in America, even in the best of the fine books.

"5. Binding: Cased books have no strength and books which are worth keeping, and using, should be bound. Very rarely does a bound book come from any publisher. No machine has yet been invented—so far as I know—which will do book binding. With the invention of the casing machine, about a hundred years ago, book binding became very unpopular because of its comparative expense. In America from lack of use, book binding has become comparatively a lost art, and our only hope of having bound editions of books is that of a machine invented to do the work.

"These are the physical features which should be found in every well made book. They are, as you see, aside entirely from any elaboration of the treatment of the typography, or of the binding. Books should be decorated only after these considerations have been fulfilled, and then only when the character of the book lends itself to, or demands such treatment. A little deliberation on these points of a well made book cannot fail to reveal (a) that practically none of the so-called fine books of today, in America, contain all of these qualities, and that less than half of them contain any of them; and (b) that it neither necessary nor desirable that all books should be finely printed and bound."

DE SOTO'S TAILOR BILL

IN the concluding article of the series which Dr. Rosenbach has been contributing to *The Saturday Evening Post* on rare books and book collecting, he has this to say of the New World's first tailor bill so far as known:

"Within the past few months I found and purchased the first tailor bill in the New World. It was the original invoice sent to Hernando de Soto in 1536, several years before he made his momentous discovery of the Mississippi River. The bill was dated from Lima, the City of the Kings, which had only been founded in 1531. There were forty items listed, bolts of the finest black velvets and satins, yards and yards of scarlet taffeta for linings. Can you see the great conquistador flashing his way through some primeval jungle, clad like the king's courtier that he was, even in the wilderness. But to me the most startling thing about this bill of $1,400 for one month's raiment is that it was—receipted! How the tailors of Fifth Avenue would gloat over this relic of their predecessor! Perhaps some way will be found to make a facsimile of the first receipted weapon of their trade. It should be hung in every tailoring establishment along the Avenue as a gentle reminder to tardy patrons. But although the clothes and the tailor who made them, as well as the customer who wore them, have all long since evaporated, Juan Ruiz, the tailor's name, will live. It is forever connected with the name of Hernando de Soto, the discoverer of the Mississippi."

A NEW HAZLITT VOLUME

A FAIR-SIZED volume of fugitive journalistic essays written by William Hazlitt has been gathered by P. P. Howe and published by The Dial Press in a second series under the title "New Writings." In his first volume of "New Writings" Mr. Howe confined his selections to the concluding two years of the essayist's life. In this second series he has wandered through the rest of his career, gathering up thirty-nine articles that escaped former editors. Only three of these articles have been previously indicated by earlier writers on Hazlitt. The book opens with a "Prospectus of a History of English Philosophy," referred to by Mr. Birrell in his volume on Hazlitt in the English Men of Letters Series. This article was found among William Windham's manuscripts in the British Museum. Following this are some overlooked contributions to the *Morning Chronicle*. Then come sixteen short dramatic criticisms from the London *Times*. As companions to these criticisms there are ten introductions to the drama. These are prefaces to plays issued in Oxberry's "New English Drama" which Hazlitt had contributed to plays not mentioned by him in "English Comic Writers." The remaining five pieces were secured from various odd sources. There is little here of special importance and yet the reader who cares for Hazlitt will find the volume interesting. Of course the Hazlitt collector will want it whether he reads it or not.

A MONROE MEMORIAL SHRINE

ARRANGEMENTS have been made to establish a Monroe Memorial Shrine at Fredericksburg, Va., that will house the greatest collection of Monroe relics in this country. A few days ago Lawrence Gouverneur Hoes, who is a great-great-grandson of the fifth President of the United States, purchased the property on which the office stands where he began his legal practice and from where he was called to the post of Town Councilman, his first public office. The building will be restored so as to make it fireproof. Included in the Monroe collection will be the court costume worn while he was minister to the Court of Napoleon, his duelling pistols, the desk he used in the White House when he was President and upon which in all probability he drafted the Monroe doctrine, and wrote innumerable letters, documents and state papers. When the restoration is completed and all the documents and relics installed, Fredericksburg will have a shrine of national importance that will undoubtedly attract many visitors annually.

NOTE AND COMMENT

"FRANZ JOSEPH AS REVEALED IN HIS LETTERS" selected from the secret archives at Vienna and edited by Dr. Otto Ernst, will be published by Methuen of London this month.

Tributes to Robert Burns, the Scotch poet, were paid on the 131st anniversary of his death, July 16, on Central Park Mall, under the auspices of the New York Scottish Societies.

"Historical Trials," by the late Sir John Macdonell, which has been edited by Professor R. W. Lee, will shortly be published by the Oxford University Press. The main object of the book is to build up a comparison of legal procedure in different ages and countries, and at the same time to draw conclusions as to degrees of civilization and humanity revealed by the conduct of such matters. Chapters are included on the trials of Socrates, the Knights Templars, Jeanne d'Arc, Giordano Bruno, Galileo, Servetus, Mary Queen of Scots, Katharine of Aragon, Sir Walter Raleigh, and trials for witchcraft.

The purchase of the schoolhouse declared to be the one in which occurred the incident described in the poem, "Mary's Lamb," has raised the question anew as to the authorship of the poem. Miss Sarah Hale Hunt claims the authorship for her grandmother, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, for many years editor of *Godey's Ladies' Book*. She says that her grandmother's reputation for veracity was never questioned, and she has presented the Boston Athenæum with a copy of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale's "Poems for Our Children," published in Boston by Marsh, Capen & Lyon, in 1830, which contains "Mary's Lamb."

James Monahan, formerly of the Encyclopædia Britannica, is now installed in charge of the Century Company's publicity, vice *Joel Townsley Rogers* resigned. His "Once in a Red Moon," published three years ago, is now being dramatized by *Milton Silver*, co-author of "The Mystery Ship" at present on Broadway, and there may be an early fall production.

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The Phoenix Nest

IT'S a tiny book, price (marked on the back cover) one shilling; but it comes to our desk with a slip inclosed saying "With the Compliments of Shakespeare and Company. 12, Rue de l'Odeon, Paris (6e)." Its title is "Pomes Penyeach," which you can easily translate. It is the first collection of poetry by *James Joyce* since "Chamber Music." . . .

Thirteen copies only have been printed. There are thirteen poems. "Nightpiece" is, in our opinion, the best. We have read it before, about ten years ago, reprinted from some periodical in which it appeared. We shall quote here, as more suitable to our space, "She weeps over Rahoon," which was written in Trieste in 1913:

Rain on Rahoon falls softly, softly falling,
Where my dark lover lies.
Sad is his voice that calls me, sadly calling,
At grey moonrise.

Love, hear thou
How soft, how sad his voice is ever calling,
Ever unanswered, and the dark rain falling,
Then as now.

Dark too our hearts, O love, shall lie and cold
As his sad heart has lain
Under the moongrey nettles, the black mould
And muttering rain.

Speaking of Joyce, we note that a new periodical, *Larus, the Celestial Visitor*, edited by *John Sherry Mangan* and in France by *Virgil Thomson*, included in its May number (Volume 1, Number 3) the now famous Protest signed with an infinite number of illustrious names, their bearers being naturally and intensely wroth at the piracy of Mr. Joyce's work in America. Think of the most eminent in English, Irish, French, German, and Belgian letters —to say nothing of Americans—and you can imagine the signatories.

So far as we have been able to discover the Protest effected just exactly nothing. The gentleman referred to in it is perfectly shielded. But the opinion of every single writer in the United States who knows anything about this affair is emphatic and final. . . .

With *Larus* has been combined *Tempo*. The first numbers are interesting. The editorial offices of the magazine are at 12 Baker Street, Lynn, Massachusetts. Some of the early contributors have been *Hart Crane, R. P. Blackmuir* of Cambridge, *Yvor Winters*, and *Henry de Montherlant*. The editorial comment in the numbers before us is a long continued analysis of the commercialization of the artist in modern America. We found much sense in this and it is needed. . . .

Edwin Valentine Mitchell's Book Notes for June-July comes in a smaller size and more compact form. It carries quite a little book advertising, is well printed, and promises to be a less comprehensive but quite as interesting *Bookman*. . . .

To the editor of *The Echo*, the Rocky Mountain Magazine,—yes, we should be glad to be placed on your mailing list. . . .

Elle Smith Philipp of Milwaukee sends us the following, which we shall not save for next Ferocious Sonnet number as—it is not a sonnet. But Miss Philipp has had it in her scrap-book for years, and it is a good example of chastisement with scorpions. What Carnegie had done to offend Bierce is not remembered, but *Ambrose Bierce* thus retaliated—we quote him only in part:

Must you, Carnegie, evermore explain
Your worth, and all the reasons give again
Why black and red are similarly white,
And you and God identically right. . .

It goes on from there and is hot shot of the kind Bierce knew well how to fashion. . . .

A lot of free publicity has been given in the newspapers to that work to be published by the University of Chicago, "the first American translation of the Old Testament." The new version follows the first American translation of the New Testament completed four years ago by *Professor Edgar J. Goodspeed* of the University of Chicago. The present editors of the Old Testament translation are *Professor Theophile J. Meek* of McGill University, *Leroy Waterman* of the University of Michigan, and *Dr. J. M. Powis Smith* of the University of Chicago. Before us, as we write, is a very attractive small brochure of "The Song of Songs which is Solomon's," an American translation by Theophile James Meek. We cannot say that we prefer it to the King James version. We like "the little foxes that spoil the vines" much better, as poetry, than "the little foxes that are despoiling the vineyards," and that is only one example. But the book is beautifully made. It is simply one of the books translated for "The Old Testament, An American Translation," to be published in September. This special edition of "The Song of Songs" has been prepared "for our friends in the trade," and is set in Garamond, printed on Ivory Georgian, and covered with St. Albans paper. . . .

We have started *Conrad Aiken's* new novel, "Blue Voyage," and like it very much indeed so far as we have gone. As well as being a poet with power over the color of words he is a shrewd observer. The people met upon the boat are convincing people; and underlying the book is a true zest for life fighting an illusion of satiety. . . .

If you grieved at the recent death of *John Drew*, did you by the way ever read his "My Years on the Stage"? Dutton is the publisher, and you had better get it if you want to recall the man vividly. . . .

The new book by *Ernest Hemingway* will be called "Men Without Women" and will be published in August. In it will be "Fifty Grand," that attracted wide attention when it recently led off an issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*, to the sore confusion of the shade of the late *Thomas Bailey Aldrich*. And we are almost certain it must include the even better story that appeared in Scribner's, "The Killers,"—a whale of a tale. . . .

Witter Bynner has announced to his publisher, Alfred A. Knopf, that his book, "The Jade Mountain," made up of 311 Chinese poems, which has been announced every year for five years, will actually be ready early in 1928, exactly ten years after he began the translations. The obstacle in the way of early completion lay in the difficulty Mr. Bynner had in conferring with his Chinese collaborator. . . .

We should have mentioned ere this that *Harold Vinal*, the poet and publisher, has announced the incorporation of his business as Harold Vinal, Limited, and is further happy to state that *Mr. George Moreby Acklom* for many years head of the Editorial Department of E. P. Dutton & Co. has joined the new firm. The address of the new firm will continue to be 562 Fifth Avenue. . . .

The *Saturday Review* has already mentioned that *Henry James* has been selected as the authorized biographer of the late *Charles W. Eliot*, and Houghton Mifflin now announce that they expect to publish this biography some time during 1929. Mr. James is a son of the late *William James*, and a nephew of *Henry James*, the great novelist. He has long been associated with Harvard. . . .

In the new Sandgate Edition of *H. G. Wells*, published by Duffield and Company are included four volumes, "The History of Mr. Polly" and "The New Machiavelli," "Marriage," and "Tono-Bungay." The set sells for nine fifty. . . .

Wilbur Macey Stone has written us in regard to a picture that our friend the QWERTYUIOPtician recently used to illustrate his delightful diary. The picture showed *H. G. Wells* bending over the globe with a pair of tongs. The legend under the picture opined that Wells was "measuring the world." "As an engineer, addicted for a generation to the use of calipers," exclaims Stone, "I grew quite peevish at the legend. . . . He did not *measure* the world with that instrument! Nor did Dulac intend to show him as *measuring* but as *grasping*." . . .

Preluding his "New Essays and American Impressions" (Holt), *Alfred Noyes* puts three sonnets (save that the first, as printed, has a septet rather than an octave) entitled "Our Fathers (1776-1926)." Tracing the names of the signers of the Declaration of Independence to their English sources, he says melodiously:

Wolcott, of Galdon Manor—flower and bird
Twixt it through Somerset hedgerows. Lightfoot Lee
Rides with John Hancock over the Yorkshire fells.
John Hart,—ask Rosalind if he never heard
A song in Arden under the greenwood tree,
With rhymes as mellow as Meretone marriage-bells.

While *Rudyard Kipling* was in Brazil there was formed—but hold, how about that poem about the armadillo dillowing in his armor in which the Imperial poet once announced (if we mistake not) that he had "never reached Brazil" and that perhaps he never would. What price prophecy—with which aside we continue to remark that there was formed in London, without his knowledge, a society which is to bear his name and to be devoted to his works. The founders included *Major-General L. C. Dunsterville*, the original "Stalky," *Mr. G. C. Beresford*, the portrait photographer, who is the original "MacTurk," and *Sir Herbert Warren*, the President of Magdalen College, Oxford. . . .

We are familiar now with the *Literary Supplement* to the *Yale Daily News*, but we did not know about the monthly supplement to *The Daily Princetonian*, entitled *The Princeton Literary Observer*, until a copy floated from somewhere to our desk. It is edited by *David Burnham*. It is an interesting eight-page paper. Mr. Burnham writes two of the reviews himself. The second is of "Orient Express" by *John Dos Passos*. Mr. Burnham refers to it, toward the end of his review as "Orient Transfer." But this is not to be taken as any further indication of Princeton *vs.* Harvard spirit. Mr. Burnham was evidently thinking of some Manhattan express or other. . . .

Fulton Oursler, who has been extremely busy collecting royalties from "The Spider," a spectacular Broadway success, is at work on a new novel anti-feministic in tendency. He thinks the modern girl is boyish-bobbing her immortal soul. . . .

A divertingly original application for a job was recently received by *The Saturday Review* from one who must remain anonymous. But any magazine editor who fancies the spirit of the applicant will be furnished confidentially with his name and address upon evincing real interest:

If you wish in this world to advance,
Your merits you're bound to enhance;
You must stir it and stump it,
And blow your own trumpet,
Or, trust me, you haven't a chance!
—*W. S. Gilbert, in "Ruddigore."*

As I'm here in this world to advance,
My merits I herein enhance;
I'm not flippant or filbert
To imitate Gilbert,
Though seeking a job with the chance!

My tale can be read at a glance:
'Tis magazine work that I fanc—
Y; I'm twenty-nine, single,
With just enough jingle,
A fling at this thing to finance.

Ask these of my working expanse,*
My wisdom, invention, and stance;
Then place to your credit
A lad who would edit,—
Who'll work for a song,—but no dance!
*Address of References. . . .

We hear excellent rumors of a new novel upon which *Compton Mackenzie* is working. But he declares it will be at least six volumes long! Naturally he won't have it ready for several years. His last was "Rogues and Vagabonds" (Doran). . . .

George Barr McCutcheon, we see, has returned to Old Graystark with "The Inn of the Hawk and Raven." More than twenty-five years ago he wrote the first of his tales concerning this mythical realm. In the new one he has a robber band (not a "rubber band") in the mountains, and all that. He has probably been having an extremely good time over it all. . . .

Blanche Colton Williams has very kindly sent us the following, from the Thackeray Hotel, opp. the British Museum, in London:

Rare sport at Sotheby's this afternoon. Low Leigh's Shakespeare folios were up: First Folio Edition, 1623; Second Impression, Second Folio Edition, 1632; Third Folio Edition, Second Issue, 1664; The Fourth Edition, 1685.

Bidding began at £1,000 and shot quickly to £6,000. *Gabriel Wells*, who got the lot, looked happy. So did the auctioneer.

. . . . Well, hooray for Gabriel! Gabriel evidently played his trump!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

ERRATUM

By an unfortunate error of the composing room a dash was inserted in John Bennett's poem "I Want an Epitaph" (run in the last issue of the *Saturday Review*) between the last line and the one preceding it, thereby decapitating the poem.

The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from page 13*)

duced. Mrs. Crosby's series of sonnets has a number of pleasing lines and a certain charm. Mr. Crosby plunges into decadence in his own series and his predilection is for less original. Naturally Salammbo and Baudelaire and Sappho and Salome come to play their parts and furnish grotesquerie for Alastair but the fascination in this kind of thing expired with the passing of Beardsley and Wilde. Why the attempt at resuscitation? It is to assume an outworn pose, Mrs. Crosby has not entangled herself in such tinselled trappings. Her sequence proceeds from the actual and is fresh with her own emotions. But again we wonder at the gorgeous formats of books that enshrine work never in any sense great, while the great work almost invariably comes to us through the usual channels, or in even meaner dress than the ordinary publishers give it.

DANTE'S ECLOGUES. Translated by *Wilmon Brewer*. Cornhill.

HERO AND LEANDER. By *Brookes More*. Cornhill. $1.

SONGS OF FOUR DECADES. By *Author H. Goodenough*. Athol, Mass.: Recluse Press.

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON POEMS. Third Series. $2.

Science

EVERYDAY ELECTRICITY. By *Joseph R. Lunt*. Macmillan.

STUDIES IN OPTICS. By *A. A. Michelson*. University of Chicago Press. $3.

HOST-PARASITE RELATIONS BETWEEN MAN AND HIS INTESTINAL PROTOZOA. By *Robert Hegner*. Century.

THE ROMANCE OF CHEMISTRY. By *William Foster*. Century. $3.

CREATION. By *Edwin Tenney Brewster*. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.

THE SEVEN SEAS OF SCIENCE. By *Joseph Mayer*. Century. $3.50.

WHAT IS THE ATOM? By *E. U. da C. Condrade*. Harpers. $1.

MODERN ASTRONOMY. By *Hector Macpherson*. Oxford University Press. $2.

FRANCIS DRAKE. By *John W. Robertson*. San Francisco: Grabhorn.

Travel

WHEN YOU GO TO LONDON. By H. V. MORTON. Harpers. 1927. $2.50.

TOURING ENGLAND. By SYDNEY R. JONES. Scribners. 1927. $2.75.

THE HOMELAND OF ENGLISH AUTHORS. By ERNEST H. RANN. Dutton. 1927. $2.50.

Mr. Morton specifically disclaims having attempted to write a guide book but even for a volume of impressions his "When You Go to London" leaves much to be desired. He has followed the plan of displaying the city month by month, sketching in distinctive festivities in their calendar order, depicting the life of the town rather than its points of interest, and trying to convey its mood and nature. But he has overweighted his narrative with trivialities in the effort to give it sprightliness, and he has sentimentalized rather than characterized. His book is entirely undistinguished.

Mr. Jones's "Touring Through England," on the other hand, suffers from its baldness. It is a good, workmanlike description of the different districts of England, containing much that is informative, but making little attempt at general readability. The tourist either by foot or by motor who desires to discover the beauties of the English countryside and to search out the outstanding features of its various towns and hamlets will find "Touring Through England" a careful and useful guide. But those many travelers who journey over again in books ground they have once passed through in the actuality will find it dry reading.

Mr. Ernest H. Rann, in "The Homeland of English Authors," has furnished a volume which this latter type of traveler will enjoy. It is a discursive account of sections of England made famous by the residence of some of the country's famous writers, or immortalized in their writings, with liberal quotations from their books, and frequent allusions to incidents in them. It is a pleasant book, one which the lover of literature, unfamiliar though he may be with the places described, can enjoy as much as the more fortunate person who has seen them.

THE ROAD TO PARIS. By *Michael Monahan*. Frank-Maurice. $4.

THE FRANTIC ATLANTIC. By *Basil Woon*. Knopf.

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